

NO. 3 OF SEARCH LIGHT READY MONDAY, MAY 2ND.

READ
THE
WEEK'S
NEWS

PEARSON'S

TO INTEREST,
TO ELEVATE, TO AMUSE.

WEEKLY

HAVE YOU
SUBSCRIBED
TO THE
FRESH AIR
FUND?

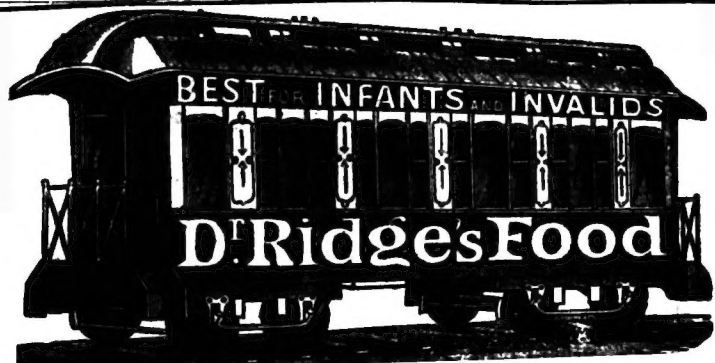
VOL. II.—No. 94.]

TRANSMISSION AT
BOOK RATES.

WEEK ENDING MAY 7, 1892.

ENTERED AT
STATIONERS' HALL.

[PRICE ONE PENNY.]



Health, Strength, and Comfort to Old and Young, and Quiet Nights to Mothers and Nurses.
Dr. RIDGE'S Patent Cooked FOOD has the Largest Sale of any Infants' Food in the World.
Sold Everywhere. Refuse All Imitations.
For Pamphlet on the "Management of Children," post free, from Ridge's Royal Food Mills, London, W.

THE CO-OPERATIVE WOOLLEN MANUFACTURERS' ASSOCIATION,
GLASSHOUSE STREET, REGENT STREET, LONDON, W.

LADIES DRESS FABRICS
THIS ASSOCIATION HAS BEEN FORMED TO SELL

DIRECT TO THE PUBLIC, NOT ONLY OF BRITISH BUT ALSO OF FRENCH MANUFACTURERS.
EXCEPTIONAL BARGAINS in Black and Navy Blue Serges, Fancy and Plain Home-spuns in all Spring and Summer Shades.

NOTHING BETTER FOR Travelling Costumes, Sporting Costumes, Seaside Costumes, Morning Gowns.

OUR RECENT FABRICS, AT 12/6 DRESS LENGTH, ARE MARVELLOUS, AND ARE UNEQUALLED BY MANY SOLD AT DOUBLE THE PRICE.
DRESS LENGTHS 7/-
Please write for Patterns and compare for yourselves. Carriage paid on all Parcels. Patterns post free.
Please address in full as above.



Sold only in 1-ounce Packets, and 2, 4, 8-ounce, and 1-lb. Tins, which keep the Tobacco in fine smoking condition.
ARE AT ALL TOBACCO SELLERS, STORES, ETC., AND TAKE NO OTHER.

SMOKERS ARE CAUTIONED AGAINST IMITATIONS.

The Genuine bears the Trade Mark, "Nottingham Castle," on every Packet and Tin.
PLAYERS NAVY CUT CIGARETTES in packets containing 12, and boxes of 24, 50, and 100.

The following extract from the "REVIEW OF REVIEWS," Nov. 1890, is of interest to every Smoker:
THE PIPE IN THE WORKHOUSE.—The picture drawn by our Helper of the poor old man in the workhouse, puffing away at an empty pipe, has touched the hearts of some of our correspondents. One who dines from the High Alps, and signs himself "Old Bern," says: "I have been struck with your suggestion in the October number of the 'Review of Reviews' for a scheme to supply smokers in union workhouses with tobacco. I am afraid, judged by the ordinary standards, I am the most selfish of mortals, as I never see a cent away for purposes of so-called charity, but this scheme of yours appeals at once to the sympathies of a hardened and inveterate smoker. Were I in London, I would at once start a collecting-box for the fund, and levy contributions for it on my smoking acquaintances, but, unfortunately, my business compels me to be a wanderer round the Continent for the next nine months. I can, however, do a little, and would like to contribute a pound of what I consider the BEST SMOKING TOBACCO, viz., 'PLAYER'S NAVY CUT' (this is not an advertisement). I enclose, therefore, a cheque for the amount."

Unsurpassed for **PURITY, SOLUBILITY, & EXCELLENCE.**

Fry's PURE CONCENTRATED Cocoa
"Medical Times." Eminently suitable for Invalids.

PRIZE MEDALS AWARDED TO J. S. FRY & SONS, BRISTOL, LONDON, & SYDNEY.



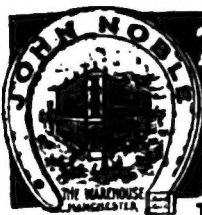
Marvellous Plaster acts like magic in relieving all corns, blisters, and sore feet. It is especially useful for reducing the size of the foot, and for curing the most obstinate corns and bunions. It is also useful for reducing the size of the foot, and for curing the most obstinate corns and bunions. It is also useful for reducing the size of the foot, and for curing the most obstinate corns and bunions.

The following is one out of the many testimonials received:
"London Hospital, Whitechapel Road.
"Gentlemen,—Please send me another box of your Corn Plaster, as I must say that I have been wonderfully benefited by it. I had suffered for years with painful Bunions on the great toe joints, but for six months before I wrote to you it was one long agony. After a month's application of your Plaster I am now quite free from pain, can walk comfortably, and wear my usual boots and shoes. I can also speak very highly of your Anodyne Cooling Lotion for allaying the inflammation of Corns and Bunions.—Yours truly,
"To Messrs. Beetham & Son."
"M. A. BARROW."

BOXES, 1s. 1/6. BY ALL CHEMISTS
FOR 14 STAMPS BY THE PROPRIETORS.
M. BEETHAM & SON, CHEMISTS, CHELTENHAM.

Reckitt's
WARNING! Blue.
Refuse all Substitutes.

Advertisements should be sent to "Pearson's Weekly" Advertisement Department, Sell's, 167, Fleet Street, London, E.C. General Offices



THE FAVOURITE DRESS FABRICS

THE MOST ATTRACTIVE OF THE SEASON!

Ladies who desire a perfect dress should wear the Favourite Dress Fabrics; they are the best obtainable anywhere at the prices, being infinitely superior to the many cloth dresses generally advertised. They stand without a rival for perfection of Style, Finish, and Appearance; and all purchasers may rely upon securing thoroughly sound, honest fabrics, that will look well, drape well, wear well.

THE FAVOURITE HABIT CLOTH
is a beautifully fine, soft Twill fabric, very light in weight, yet capable of resisting a great amount of wear. A perfect marvel of cheapness. THE FULL DRESS LENGTH OF 8 YARDS, 46 INCHES WIDE, BEST CARRIAGE PAID 8/6

THE FAVOURITE FOULE SERGE
has deservedly attained a very high place amongst fabrics for Ladies' Wear. It is manufactured from the finest shades and mixtures, and is undoubtedly one of the most graceful draping fabrics it is possible to produce, being light in weight, of beautifully fine texture, and wonderfully cheap. THE FULL DRESS LENGTH OF 7 YARDS, 44 INCHES WIDE, BEST CARRIAGE PAID 10/6

THE FAVOURITE DRESS CLOTH
is a most fashionable fabric for present wear, manufactured from specially prepared high-class wools, fairly thick and cloth-like in substance, but very soft and light in weight. THE FULL DRESS LENGTH OF 7 YARDS, 44 INCHES WIDE, BEST CARRIAGE PAID 14/-

THE FAVOURITE HOMESPUNS
should be worn by every lady who likes a perfect fitting costume; they are made from the finest wools, with the best Vienna finish, and are at once the curliest, softest, and most graceful of all the Homespuns made, whilst the colorings are so harmonised and blended that they have no equal for beauty of tone and effect. THE FULL DRESS LENGTH OF 7 YARDS, 44 INCHES WIDE, BEST CARRIAGE PAID 17/6

The Favourite Fabrics in all qualities can be supplied in various shades of the following colours: Black Navy, Slate, Drab, Rosada, Terra-Cotta, Peacock, Myrtle, Brouse, Heliotrope, Pelumina Moss, Brown, Grenat, Ruby, Cardinal, Vieux Rose, Mulberry, Electric, and a constantly changing range of the newest colours, as they are produced.

The Favourite Fabrics at 10s. 6d. and 17s. 6d. can also be supplied in an unusually fine range of mixtures, including light, medium and dark Grey, light or dark Drab, Brown, Heliotrope, Terra-Cotta, Electric, and a series of pretty and uncommon Compound or heather mixtures that altogether baffle description, and being specially blended for these fabrics they cannot possibly be procured elsewhere.

A WARNING. Though the Favourite Dress Fabrics may be copied, they have no equal for sterling value, and the genuine can only be obtained direct from The Warehouse.

JOHN NOBLE guarantees the prompt despatch and safe delivery of all parcels; he also undertakes to refund cash if any goods are not as described or fail to give perfect satisfaction, thus there is absolutely no risk to the purchaser.

LADIES EVERYWHERE are invited to send for PATTERNS, which will be forwarded Post Free to any address. The value offered will astonish all who see them. Please mention this Paper, and address—

JOHN NOBLE THE WAREHOUSE, MANCHESTER
78 Princess St.

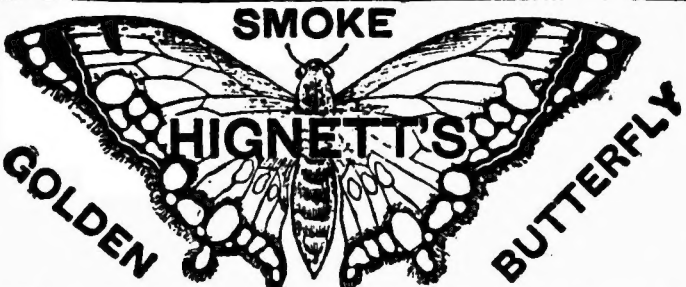


PLUMTREE'S HOME-POTTED MEATS.

Manufacture:—SOUTHPORT.

Delicate in Flavour. Uniform in Quality.
For Breakfast, Luncheon, Tea.
For Invalids Specially Adapted.
For Pic-Nics, Railway Travellers, & Tourists.
Prepared from the Finest Meats procurable, and sold in WHITE EARTHENWARE JARS AND TINS. Sample Jar sent post free on receipt of 7d. in stamps.
Afterwards kindly ask your Grocer for it. Address—
PLUMTREE, SOUTHPORT.

BORWICK'S BAKING POWDER PERFECTLY PURE AND WHOLESOME.
Be careful what you Eat!
Do not be poisoned by using Baking Powder adulterated with Alum.
Insist on having BORWICK'S, which is the Best that Money can Buy.



CONDY'S FLUID

USED IN THE ROYAL PALACES.
£10 REWARD
for information leading to conviction of shopkeepers selling imitations of "Condy's Fluid"

CONDY'S FLUID
USED IN ALL HOSPITALS.
CONDY'S REMEDIAL FLUID.
SPEEDILY CURES SORE THROAT, RELAXED THROAT, HOARSENESS, BURNS, WOUNDS, AND ALL DISCHARGES.

MOUSTACHIOS IN A MONTH.

on the smoothest face, are produced by using HIRSHUTIN, the French Formula for forcing hair—luxuriant growth—failure impossible. The only known remedy for baldness. Sent free from observation on receipt of 1s. to Madame A. DUMAS, at the Laboratory, 183, Graham Road, London, N.E. Large bottles, 3s. 6d. and 1s.

RED NOSES.

All those who wish to be relieved of this distressing and disfiguring complaint should send to Dr. HOWELL, 2, Upper Bedford Place, Russell Square, London, W.C., who will guarantee a cure in a few days, 2s. 6d. per box.

ASPINAL'S ENAMEL.



Estimates free for House Decorating by our own staff in Town or Country.
ASPINAL'S ENAMEL, Ltd., LONDON, S.E.

DEAFNESS CURED

without the use of instruments by the REV. E. J. SILVERTON'S WONDERFUL REMEDIAL SYSTEM. Noises removed from ears, no loss of time, no inconvenience. Over 80 years' experience. Hours 11 to 4. Send 1d. to Dr. E. J. SILVERTON, 16 Imperial Buildings, Ludgate Circus, London.

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Full Dress 7/6, 10/6 13/6.
Lengths. 7/6, 10/6 13/6.
OH! WHAT LOVELY DESIGNS AND HOW CHEAP! A well-known lady says: "Your Spring and Summer Patterns are the most beautiful I have seen."
SECRETS: Being large manufacturer, we supply the best of Wholesale Houses, we keep a special designer for these lovely patterns.
Write for PATTERNS POST FREE, and we will return them. Parcels Carriage Paid. Please mention this Paper, North of England Manufacturing Co., LEEDS

2/6 SPEACH & SONS' 2/6 LACE CURTAINS

DIRECT FROM THE LOOMS CARRIAGE PAID
1892. "POPULAR PARCEL." Lot No. 277. Containing 1 pair of elegant Drawing-room Curtains, exquisite fine floral sprays, superb design, 4 yds. long and about 2 1/2 yds. wide, edged, 1 pair handsome Dining-room Curtains, rich design of red lace, 4 yds. long, 56 in. wide, taped, 1 pair of Breakfast-room Curtains, 3 yds. long, 40 in. wide, taped, fern border, gracefully festooned centre, 1 pair of beautiful Bedroom Curtains, 4 yds. long, about 40 in. wide, 12 yds. white Washing Lace, 1 Lady's Handkerchief, with edging of lace; 1 Lace Overlay, 8 yds. magnificent Point d'Alencon Lace, 1 pair of "Registered Roller Blinds," with valance attached, 1 LACE-AWAY 4 yds. long, 1 pair of "STONY BATHING" 12 yds. long, 12 yds. wide, 1 pair of Lace Curtains, etc., post free. P.O.O. and stamps payable to S. PEACH & SONS, LISTER GATE, NOTTINGHAM. Established 1857.

ALLY SLOPER'S DISCOVERY.

No More Indigestion! Laughing Promotes Digestion.
ALLY SLOPER'S ROUND GAME OF PERSONALITIES
Makes Anyone Laugh.
Sold by Toy and Fancy Shops, Stationers and Railway Bookstalls, or sent post free against 15 stamps to the maker, ADOLPH HAMBURG, 7, Hatton Garden, London, E.C.

PHILL'S POWDERS SIMPLE CURE FOR PILES

NEVER KNOWN TO FAIL. Recommended by all who use them. 6 Powders, Post Free, 1s., 12 Powders, 1s. 6d.
Address—PHILL'S, 81, Albert Edward Road, Kensington, Liverpool.

MEASURE YOURSELF



Charles the Bronte's "Jane Eyre," complete edition, post free for 2d.
THOMPSON BROS., 60, MARKET PL., BLACKBURN.
And at Rochdale (4, Drake Street), Burnley & Bolton.
PLEASE MENTION THIS PAPER.

VITAL SECRETS FOR MEN.

Don't take medicine, but read "MYSTERY," the most important, golden essential matter! Post free, 1s. 6d. to the publisher, Messrs. J. & W. Gifford, 51, Lord Street, Liverpool. (Mention Pearson's.)

ELECT Works
Rowntree's at YORK
COCOA
A strong and pure Cocoa: *Lancet*
'A veritable Treat'

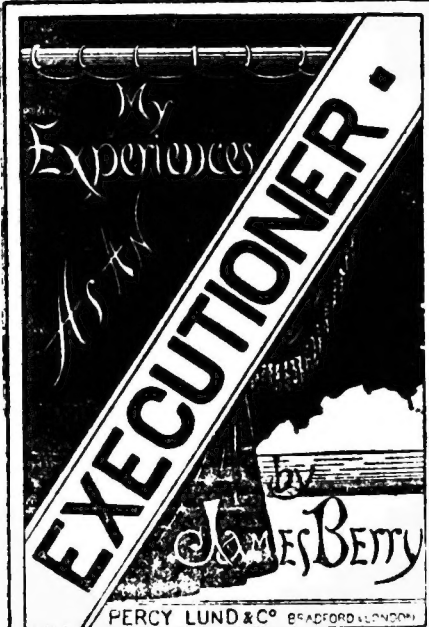
"PREMIER CYCLES" ARE THE BEST.

Manufactured Solely by
The "PREMIER" CYCLE COMPANY, Limited
(HILLMAN, HERBERT, & COOLES)
14, HOLBORN VIADUCT, E.C.

Model A. "Premier" Safety.
5, Lisle Street, Leicester Square, W.; 133, Hammersmith Road, West Kensington, W.; GLASGOW—98, Mitchell Street DUBLIN—28, Clare Street;
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Machines supplied on Easy Terms in Payment by Monthly Instalments.
Fully Illustrated Price List and Particulars Post Free.

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PERCY LUND & CO. BRADFORD (LONDON)

OF ALL BOOKSELLERS.

With Portrait of JAMES BERRY and Five other Full-page Illustrations, and numerous smaller illustrations in the text.
Post Free, 1s. 2d.

If you like the way we have got up this Paper, will you reward us by handing it to someone who does not know it?

PEARSON'S

TO INTEREST.
TO ELEVATE, TO AMUSE.

WEEKLY.

VOL. II.—No. 94.]

TRANSMISSION AT
BOOK RATES.

WEEK ENDING MAY 7, 1892.

ENTERED AT
STATIONERS' HALL.

[PRICE ONE PENNY.]

THE HIGHLAND SHEPHERD BOY.

A TRUE INCIDENT.

THROUGH a tangle of purple heather,
Where a wimpling burn ran deep,
A lad in his Highland bonnet
Came driving a flock of sheep.
But ere they had reached its border,
Half-hidden in shining moss,
Where the sheep-walk sloped to the shallows
At which they were used to cross,
The flock, in their silly shyness,
Turned suddenly startled back,
Because in the path before them,
Right over the beaten track,
A sketched sat with her easel,
So busy she had not stirred;
And the noise of the hoofs that pattered
Behind her she had not heard.
"Haud out o' my gait!" the shepherd
Brawled lustily from the steep.
"Haud out o' my gait! ye scatter
And frighten awa' the sheep."
From the coppice a liveried gilly
Stepped suddenly to his side—
"To whom do ye speak sae rudely?"
With a tone of rebuke he cried.
"Why, sure, to the leddy yonder,
Who has na' the sense to know
She's blockin' the sheep-walk sairly,
An', sir, ye maun tell her so."
"I tell her? Why, lad, yon lady
Is the grandest you've ever seen
Her home is Balmoral Castle,
And she is the English Queen."
"Weel, how could I ken her?" queried
The boy, with a captious frown;
"Why dinna she hold her skepter;
Why couldna' she wear her crown?"

THE MOST CORRECT CLOCK IN THE WORLD.

As is well-known everywhere, "Greenwich time" is the most accurate in the world, and the whole machinery of the clock which records it is very perfect. But, notwithstanding this latter fact, it has to be constantly attended to and regulated by experts, so much so that, besides being the most accurate, it may also be described as the clock which requires the most labour to make it continue to give satisfaction.

It is, however, worthy of every attention, for the amount of work which it does with efficiency is astounding. It causes a current of electricity to pass through some wires every second. This serves as the motive force for several clocks, and regulates a large number of others scattered over Britain.

At one o'clock every day a current is sent which fires the time-guns at Newcastle, South Shields, Edinburgh, and elsewhere. At the same time time-balls are let fall by its agency at various places.

The standard or public clock at Greenwich is regulated by comparing the time recorded on its face with that given by an astronomical clock, and the difference between true astronomical and true Greenwich time can be found from tables which are calculated for every day and for every hour in the day. But the astronomical clock, which is regulated according to the movements of the stars, gains a second on true time in the course of every six minutes, so that the most constant attention and the greatest care on the part of the experts is necessary.

It is done by electricity. A magnet is attached to the end of the pendulum, and beneath this is a coil of wire, so arranged that when an electric current passes through it in one direction, its influence makes the pendulum move slower, and when in the opposite direction, quicker. The regulating expert knows that by sending an electric current through the wire for ten seconds he alters the time of the clock by one second, making it faster or slower according to the direction as described, so that he can regulate the standard clock to within a tenth of a second of absolutely true time.

"OUT" THIS TIME.

He came up a little late, stepped in without ringing, and striding softly into the parlour, dropped into an easy chair with the careless grace of a young man who is accustomed to the programme.

"By Jove!" he said to the figure sitting in the dim obscurity on the sofa. "By Jove! I thought I was never going to see you alone again. The maternal kangaroo never goes away from the menagerie, nowadays, does she, Minnie?"

"Well, not amazingly frequently," cheerfully replied the old lady from the sofa. "Minnie's away flirting so much of the time now, I have to stay in."

Under the old oak at the end of the house the moping cat complained to the moon much in their usual style, the watch-dog never sang more clearly, and the plaintive cry of the market waggons' wheels filled the night with poetry; but he didn't hear any of it, all the same.

"And, by George!" he said to a friend, fifteen minutes later, "if I didn't leave my hat on the piano and my stick in the hall, I'm a goat! Think of 'em? Forged 'em? Strike me silly, if I knew I had any clothes on at all! What I wanted was fresh air, and I wanted about thirty acres of it, and mighty quick, too."

WHY ARE THERE SO FEW MARRIAGES IN MAY?

BECAUSE May had the reputation of being an unlucky month for the ceremony, or, as the rhyme has it, "To marry in May is to rue it for aye," or "Marry in May and you'll rue the day."

This idea of the ill-luck that attends the celebration of a marriage in the month of May arose out of a superstition held by the Roman Pagans, by whom it was handed down to the early Christians, and it has remained in full vigour even to the present day. This ancient Roman superstition was referred to by Ovid, when he said that the people profess it to be unlucky to marry in the month of May.

Sir Walter Scott, in writing of this objection, says:—"The Scottish people, even of the better rank, avoid marriage in the month of May, which genial season of flowers and breezes might in other respects appear so favourable for that purpose."

Many in Scotland trace this objection back to the marriage in May, 1567, of the talented and unfortunate Mary Queen of Scots to the divorced Earl of Bothwell, which was one of the most unlucky marriages ever made. The following June the queen was a prisoner in Lochleven Castle, and one misfortune quickly succeeded another until the time of her execution.

That the objection to May marriages had an earlier origin, even as affecting Scotland and the Scottish people, however, is shown in the fact that one of the special objections to this very marriage was that it was formed within the interdicted month, and the line from Ovid was fixed on the gates of Holyrood on the morning of May 16th, 1567, after the marriage on the previous day of Mary and Bothwell.

MR. GAGADIG GIGADAB.

"FATE tried to conceal him by naming him Smith," said Doctor Holmes of one of his well-known classmates. Fate made one man too conspicuous, it seems, by such a name, and the owner had to invent a worse one to protect himself.

There is a quaint old man in Manchester, who goes by the unique name of Gagadig Gigadab. His original name, so the story goes, was John Smith, but many years ago he began to brood over the possibilities of mistaken identity involved in such a common name. The name figured frequently in the criminal records, and he became abnormally apprehensive lest he might be confused with some of these bad John Smiths.

At last what he feared so much actually happened. One morning the papers recorded the capture of an accountant in a bank for embezzlement, and through some blunder of the reporter the identity of the embezzler was confused with the subject of this paragraph, who was also a bank accountant.

Then and there he determined to assume a name like unto no other ever borne by mortal man. And in Gagadig Gigadab most people will agree that he had done so.

THE SEARCH LIGHT.

3d. PEARSON'S MONTHLY. 3d.

NUMBER 3 will be on sale on Monday, May 2nd. Below we give the titles of a few of the articles in this issue of the magazine:—

The Story of Jules Verne's Boyhood.
At the Court of the Khan of Khiva.
Is the Kaiser Mad?
What Heroines Eat.
Animals in Church.
The Nautch Girls of India.
The Possibilities of Men Flying.
How the Poison of Snakes Acts.
Ostrich Farming in California.
What will Happen to the Last Man?
Why Not Ten Hour Time?
Will Our Sun Go Out as Others have?
The Good that Trees do.
All About Oranges.
The Highest Mountain Climb on Record.
Birds which Fly under Water.
How do Monkeys Talk?
How Poets Sell.
A Royal Sausage Maker.
How Benefit Societies are Robbed.
About Comet's Tails.
The Journalists of To-day include accounts (with portraits) of:—
Mr. T. H. Joyce, Editor of the two *Graphics*.
Mrs. Frank Leslie, Editor of *Frank Leslie's Weekly*, &c.
M. H. Rochefort, Editor of *L'Intransigeant*.
Sir W. C. Leng, Editor of the *Sheffield Daily Telegraph*.
Mr. H. Labouchere, Editor of *Truth*.

WAISTCOATS are in high favour amongst the ladies, says a fashion paper. With a man inside of them? we ask.

"PARADISE LOST," says a recent writer, "was sold for a song." The unfortunate man who bought it for a song must have felt badly sold when he tried to sing it.

"WHAT is the chief end of man?" asked a Sunday School teacher of one of her boys. And instead of giving the answer in the catechism, he replied, "The chief end of man is the end what's got the head on."

A GIFTED young English barrister stood for a constituency where Free Trade was in bad odour, and was pestered by questions which he had never considered. What duty ought to be put on woollens—what on dry goods? Ought bread-stuffs to be exempt?—and so forth. At last he escaped by an audacious pleasantry which would have ruined a common-place candidate.

"Pray, sir," a shoemaker demanded, "what would you put on boots?"

"Well, sir," the candidate replied, "if they were patent leather I would recommend French polish; if not, Day and Martin."

ROBBIE was a great chatterbox, keeping up a constant stream of conversation with everybody near him, or with himself if alone. One day, when his mother had company at dinner, he was permitted to come to the table for a share of the dessert. As usual, he talked incessantly, telling wonderful stories, and asking more wonderful questions, without apparently expecting an answer to any of them. His mother warned him several times to keep silence. This being of no avail, she finally threatened, in an angry tone—

"If you do not keep silence immediately, I shall whip you."

Little Robbie looked at her for a few seconds, as if astonished, and then said, gravely—

"There won't be any more silence then!"

FATHER AND SON.

It was just six o'clock and nearing the end of September. The old city of Aix-en-Provence wakened lazily. Clothed in white linen, shod in slippers and crowned with a wide-brimmed Panama, M. Roumegas descended to his garden, took up a watering pot, filled it at the pump and began to water his hyacinths, as he did every morning of his life.

With infinite care M. Roumegas watered his hyacinths. One saw plainly that with him it was a serious business, and saw besides that there was not only a man who had nothing else to do, but an old man who had already done much.

Yes, decidedly done much. Few lives had been better filled than his. Till fifty years of age the years had counted double for him. Born in the outskirts of Aix, over there on the edge of the Gardanne, he had gone at fifteen to Marseilles, and gained a few sous by polishing shoes on the Carmelière, near the Saint Louis racecourse. The clothes on his back, his box, his brushes and blacking were all he possessed in the world.

Then, how, thirty-five years later, had this poor little bootblack become one of the greatest oil merchants of Provence? How had he been able to retire from business with fortune made and drawing great interest and income from the house created by himself and bearing always his name? By energy, intelligence and probity above all else. Probity! See you, in one word, the great strength of Roumegas, the chief cause of his great success.

One says in a generalising fashion that "honesty is the best policy." An axiom for rascals that had been constantly put in practice by Roumegas, but without design, one may say spontaneously. It was as easy for him to be honest as for others to be otherwise. He would have died rather than take an unjust advantage, and the recital of an indecacy put him beside himself; pure as crystal, shining as the sun—such was his reputation. Was there a contest or a dispute to be settled at Aix—M. Roumegas was always the arbiter; advice to be sought—M. Roumegas always the counsellor; a place to be given—M. Roumegas was always the judge to lend the deciding voice.

In the evening, when he went to walk on the Cours, hats were raised to him like flocks of swallows, and the old nobles of the city, so arrogant to people without the distinction of patrician birth, counted it an honour to be the first to salute him. One felt about him an atmosphere of calm and well-earned repose. It was a good, honest man that passed.

Such a life merited reward, but Heaven had been unjust to this upright man and had not spared him sorrows. Still young, he had lost the wife that he adored, and he remained alone with a babe of six months. If ever a child was loved by its father, and well brought up besides, it was truly the little Antoine. Roumegas wished to make him not only an honest man like himself, but also a learned, educated man, as he had not been able to be. He had felt the need of it always. It should not be the same with his son.

Oh! the beautiful plans that he made, the poor widower, sitting at his table revising the accounts of the day, between the cradle of the son born to him and the memory of the wife who had died. This little being who slept there so sweetly, would one day be his joy and pride. Thanks to him, the name of Roumegas, simply honoured to-day, would perhaps become illustrious.

Alas! the father had reckoned without the child. The soil was bad; the flowers sown with so much care did not come up. Not that Antoine was of a naturally vicious disposition—he was indolent, dissipated, weak—weak above all. At college he was the last of his class, which would not be so bad had it mortified him at all; but, unhappily, he lacked self-respect, that two-sided sentiment, sometimes a defect but always a desirable quality. His indolence weighed upon him lightly. It was perfectly useless, it seemed to him, to change his mode of life.

His graduation accomplished with great difficulty, he took up the law, in order to have a show of something; but, his law-reading finished, with more difficulty still, he promised himself cheerfully to do nothing at all.

What good to work? His father was rich, and not over-living. To the wind with toil and with all save amusement.

And Antoine amused himself, continuing with greater freedom still the unhealthy life of the provincial idler. At the café he smoked perpetually, and ceaselessly swallowed numberless and various concoctions; at the club he played stupidly and heavily, as always, to be doing something. Little by little the fever of play took possession of him, and they were almost certain to find him leaning over the green cloth between three and six in the afternoon, and at night till three or four in the morning.

With other young men of the city, nobles or sons of simple citizens, he sat at baccarat, in the vitiated atmosphere of the club card-room, under the blaze of the gas jets, side by side with Baptistin and Durand, two card-room waiters and out-and-out rascals, who, at hours like these, disclaimed all form, stretched themselves in the great armchairs, joined with polite familiarity in all the phases of the game, encouraging this one, laughing with that one, listening to one and the other, but the boon companions of all.

One night there was a terrible run of ill-luck. The sum lost was heavy. Antoine did not have it. He had

recourse to his father, who paid it on condition that he would promise to touch cards no more. Antoine promised. Eight days later he lost again. Fearing to confess the thing to M. Roumegas, whose immovable honesty frightened him, and who would not have been able to "comprehend it," as he said, Antoine borrowed.

Then began for him that feverish life of the gambler, with its alternating luck and ill-luck, its ups and its downs, its joys always incomplete, its despairs always profound.

In order to provide funds Antoine played more furiously than ever. Strange as it may seem, luck, hitherto so hard and coy, turned in his favour. He won—won always—won as he wished and all that he wished.

Briefly, at thirty years of age, Antoine was the most absolute, the most complete nonentity it is possible to imagine. In the city his name was never mentioned without a smile and a shrug of the shoulders; but when they met him in the street, that great, ruddy blonde, with heavy eyes and wearied face, regular featured and handsome, nevertheless, clothed with an elegance too foppish for a gallant of the province, they hesitated to bow to him till they thought of the father, and then the hats were raised. Antoine was saved by the name of Roumegas.

The poor old merchant suffered profoundly. His beautiful dreams of paternal ambition had flown away. He had done all he could to arrest his son on that fatal down-hill slope, but reasoning, threats, nothing that he could do had effect upon that weak and indolent nature. M. Roumegas had thought even of sending him among strangers, but in spite of all he loved profoundly this unworthy son, and he had not been able to decide to part with him.

Wounded in his hopes, his love and his self-respect, poor Roumegas had aged quickly. At seventy years you would have taken him for eighty; under his big straw hat his face appeared as wrinkled as a withered apple; his hair like silver threads, his form, already short, still more contracted, and going from bed to bed in the length of the garden, he was forced at times to rest the "sprinkler" on the ground to ease his weakened hand. He seemed like a little old white doll in the midst of the sunlight and flowers.

A hesitating step crunched on the sand of the alley. M. Roumegas turned about; Antoine was before him, pale, leaden-tinted, with linen soiled, disordered hair, and blood-shot eyes. The old man shrugged his shoulders.

"Ah, you've come?" said he, "and at such an hour? You should be ashamed of yourself! But come, go up to bed and try to be down by twelve o'clock."

With another shrug of the shoulders, full of weariness and resignation, he began again to water his dear hyacinths. Antoine did not stir.

"Father—" began the young man, making a step forward.

This time Roumegas put down the sprinkler, placed his spectacles on his nose and in a tone half-veiled, half-indulgent, demanded:

"Well, out with it; what is it now?"

"Last night—at the club—" began Antoine, plucking up courage.

"You have played! You have lost again! Ah! misfortune of my life! You will kill me! And your promise to me, too! No matter, you have played; but one thing remains to do—to pay, to pay always, while a son is mine! It is the honour of the Roumegas! Well, how much is it?"

Antoine was silent still.

"It is not play, then? Then, what is it? A quarrel? You have been insulted? You are going to fight? Ah, these gambling dens! where they smoke, drink, dispute, play, and—"

He stopped suddenly. A terrible thought had flashed into the old man's brain. Trembling, with shaking, supplicating hands, he turned toward his son.

"You—you have cheated?" stammered he.

Antoine's head sunk lower still.

Mon Dieu! It was true, then? His son, he, a Roumegas, was a cheat, a trickster, a thief? The poor father staggered as if struck with a fist.

"Father!" cried Antoine, springing to sustain him.

"Stop, do not touch me!" cried the old man, sternly, gasping for breath but still waving him back, "but go, go to your room—your room, I say."

"But, father," cried Antoine, "let me explain a word. I am not as guilty as you think. I have been led away—"

"To your room—to your room!" repeated Roumegas, inflexibly.

The son obeyed. Bending his tall form like one condemned, he passed into the house, and up the stairs that led to his chamber. Behind, with head erect, glittering eyes, and short, firm steps, the father ascended with him.

They entered the chamber together—a square, commonplace room, with windows facing the street, in great disorder, and evidently lived in but little. Torn books thrown here and there; on the walls, hunting guns, swords, and pistols; on all the furniture, chairs, tables, and desks, pipes, pots of tobacco, and cigarettes. M. Roumegas closed the door behind him and turned to his son.

"Speak," said he.

Antoine sunk heavily on his unmade bed, and, with eyes on the ground, stifled voice, and nervously twisting

an end of the sheet in his feverish fingers, sought to comply.

"The first time," said he, "that I asked you for money, I promised to play no more. I had not the strength. I played again. I lost again. I did not dare to ask you again. I lost, lost always. Then some one proposed to me to go into partnership with him—to play together. We still lost. He, the one that counselled me, prepared the cards, and I—had the weakness to accept. A madness, father; one madness, only! Pardon me!"

Antoine half rose with arms held out to his father.

"Continue," said Roumegas, erect before him, his own arms held crossed, his face set like flint.

"Last night," resumed Antoine, "they had suspicions, and we would have been caught but for me. They know nothing, yet, understand, of me, I mean, and if Baptistin does not speak—"

"Baptistin, the club-room waiter, a valet, your accomplice! Unhappy boy, to what depths have you fallen?"

"But they know nothing, nothing as yet, I tell you. Other players in the game are suspected as well as I. Baptistin only is arrested. He will not speak."

"And you would leave him to bear the blame of all? To preserve the little honour that still remains to you, you would escape at the expense of him and others? Know you, Antoine, that this is infamy, nothing more nor less?"

"But father, father, I promise that for the future—"

"The future? You still believe, then, that there is a future for you?"

The sound of footsteps was suddenly heard in the quiet, sunny street. They stopped at the house door. Antoine sprang from the bed, panting for breath. The bell rang. The young man precipitated himself to the window.

"Baptistin has told!" said he, in a strangled whisper, paling frightfully.

M. Roumegas looked in his turn. The Commissaire of Police stood at the door, accompanied by two members of the club, and two police officers. Roumegas let the curtain fall, strode across the wide chamber, took a revolver from the wall, assured himself that it was loaded, and held it to his son, gazing at him now with wide, startled eyes.

"Here," said he, "take it."

Antoine raised his hand mechanically, comprehending nothing. Below stairs the street door had opened. A colloquy was going on between the servant and the arrivals. The muffled sound of the voices was plainly heard in the chamber.

"Since you have lost your own honour, the father continued, "save ours, at least. Come, there is no time to lose."

The colloquy was finished. The steps sounded loud on the stones of the staircase, an old staircase, broad and sonorous as a chapel. They arrived at the door. Antoine shook convulsively.

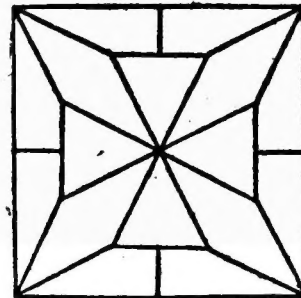
"Coward!" murmured Roumegas. "Coward to the end!"

And then, still with unfaltering hand, he turned the revolver, aimed at the brow of his son and pulled the trigger.

They knocked at the door. Placing the still smoking weapon by the side of the body, Roumegas threw back the bolt, and pointed to the corpse lying across the bespattered bed.

"Too late, messieurs," said he, "he has done justice to himself."

The following is the solution of the square puzzle set in last week's issue, with the names and addresses of the winners of the thirty pencil-cases offered. The first five persons have been sent the pencil-cases offered for neatness:—



Mr. Robt. F. Wootton, 74, St. Paul's Street, Illington, N.; Miss Florence Henhall, 23, Digby Road, Brownswood Park, N.; Mr. H. Bedford, School House, Regency Square, Kennington, S.E.; Mr. H. Verweyde, 21, Lion Street, New Kent Road, S.E.; Mr. A. A. Bristows, School House, Regency Square, Kennington, S.E.; Mr. W. B. Miller, 5, Harold Road, Hornsey, N.; Master G. Hall, 20, Hotham Place, Millbridge, Devonport; Mr. W. A. Boerman, 1, Church Yard Passage, St. Clements, Hastings; Mr. G. S. Dana, 18, Oatram Road, Croydon; Mr. H. Moore, attendant, Hanwell Asylum; Mr. Thomas Wall, Falsner, Lewes, Sussex; Mr. H. Collins, 5, Martin's Hill, Canterbury; Mr. H. Brighurst, 1, Hazeldell Villas, Thanet Road, Margate; Lieut. A. B. Eiddell, The Sherwood Foresters, Newark; Mr. W. C. Comben, Kent House, St. John's Mead, Gravesend; Master Victor Sarby, 23, Onchester Place, Brighton; Mr. E. Chaiswood, Burton Lodge, Lad-broke Road, Rehill, Surrey; Mr. Herbert Sidney, 1, Richmond Gardens, Uxbridge Road, W.; Sergeant Oswald, 17th Lancs. Horse-low Barracks, Mr. F. Fredrick, porter and signaller, Rayleigh Station, G. R. R. Essex; Mr. P. Penn-Gestell, 3, Cavendish Place, Eastbourne; Corporal P. McNamara, Drums, 2nd Battalion, the Prince of Wales and Leicester Regiment, South Camp, Aldershot; Mr. J. S. Neal, 45, Osmwell Road, Peterborough; Mr. James Spaven, 47, Pitt Street, Leith; Mr. S. Barkeley, 20, Master Street, Burnley, Lancs.; Miss Amy Lincoln, The Cottage, Witley, Surrey; Mr. Frank Clarkson, 27, Bridgman Street, Bolton; Miss A. Carter, 4, Oldham Road, New Cross, Manchester; Mr. B. H. W. Cooke, 41, St. Mark's Street, Birmingham; Mr. John McGrath, 4, Conduit Street, Belfast.

A BIRDS' HOTEL.

As interesting hotel for summer boarders has been recently advertised in German papers. Music is a popular diversion at summer resorts, but this place is no doubt exceptional for the quality and variety of the music furnished by the guests. The proprietor had his attention called, not long ago, to the fact that ladies on leaving home for the summer are often at a loss what to do with their pet birds, not wishing to inflict their care upon friendly neighbours, nor to trust them to careless servants. So he advertised for "bird boarders," and now his house is full.

The rates of board vary with the different species of birds, according to the amount of attention they require, and the character of food suited to their taste. Canaries are boarded for a shilling a week. The noisy parrot is considered a profitable boarder at two shillings a week.

More aristocratic birds, however, such as bullfinches, nightingales, and mocking-birds must have expensive food, so six shillings a week is charged for the board of these species.

The landlord says that the companionship which his feathered boarders enjoy in their summer boarding-house adds materially to their well-being, and in the case of song-birds to the quality of their singing.

THE MOST HONEST MERCHANTS.

One general statement may be made as to the character of Chinese business men. It used to be a common dictum that the word of a Cantonese merchant was worth as much as another man's bond. Two years ago the manager of the Hong Kong and Shanghai Banking Corporation (an English house) publicly avowed that in the course of a long experience he had never known, so far as his bank was concerned, a Chinese defaulter in money transactions.

Not long ago a foreigner travelled about China, leaving with native traders quantities of his goods for sale, informing them at the same time of the name of the firm in Shanghai to whom remittances should be sent. Many of these traders were in out-of-the-way places, but so far they have regularly remitted the proceeds of their sales. One man at Tientsin had credit to the extent of £1,000—he has since then retired from business; but he regularly sends money to the Shanghai agents in liquidation of his debt.

THERE SHE BLOWS.

At the time when the Dundee whaling trade was at its zenith, a sperm-whaler from that port, in the Pacific, had the misfortune to lose the black cook.

Now, while this important functionary lay on the plank, in the gangway, shrouded in his canvas cover, sewed up by the sailmaker ready for burial, and all the ship's company were mustered round the rude bier, save the lookout men aloft (for their skipper had an eye to business), the captain engaged with all due gravity reading the burial service, the ship's bell solemnly tolling, and all the air filled with the solemnity of the moment, a lookout man suddenly discovering the snout of a whale, sang out lustily, "T-h-e-r-e she blows."

Before the lookout had time to repeat the ever-welcome words, the now excited skipper dropped his book, seized his glass, and, jumping into the rigging, bounded aloft at a fifteen-knot rate. His glass soon proved the truth of the lookout's cry, and from his lofty perch the skipper bellowed out as a sailor only can—

"Knock off tolling the bell! Clear away the boats! Heave that nigger overboard!"

And they hove him!

POINTS OF DANGER IN THUNDERSTORMS.

If out of doors, trees should be avoided, and if, from the rapidity with which the explosion follows the flash, it should be evident that the electric clouds are near at hand, a recumbent posture on the ground is the most secure.

It is seldom dangerous to take shelter under sheds, carts, or low buildings, or under the arch of a bridge; the distance of twenty or thirty feet from tall trees or houses is rather an eligible situation, for should a discharge take place, these elevated bodies are likely to receive it, and less prominent bodies in the neighbourhood are those likely to escape.

It is right also to avoid water, for it is a good conductor, and the height of a human being near the stream is not unlikely to determine the direction of a discharge. Within doors we are tolerably safe in the middle of a carpeted room, or when standing on a double hearth-rug. The chimney should be avoided, on account of the conducting power of the carbon deposited in it; on the same principle gilt mouldings, bell-wires, etc., are in danger of being struck.

In bad we are tolerably safe, blankets and feathers are bad conductors, and we are consequently, to a certain extent, insulated. It is injudicious to take refuge in a cellar, because the discharge is often from the earth to a cloud, and buildings frequently sustain the greatest injury in their basement storeys.

THE "OLD WOMAN."

SAILORS commonly speak of the captain of the ship as "the old man." It was left for a stout quartermaster to invent an equally appropriate designation for the captain's wife.

The young wife of a certain commander in the navy was expected to visit her husband's ship. The gig had been sent ashore for her, and the captain stood on deck waiting for her return. The quartermaster also was on the lookout, and with the aid of his telescope caught sight of the returning boat first. He walked up to his commanding officer, touched his hat respectfully, and said:—

"The gig's coming, captain, and I think the old woman is in her, sir."

The captain looked at the man's innocent face, and saw that no disrespect was intended. If the captain was "the old man," naturally enough his wife must be "the old woman." The intelligence was accepted, therefore, in the spirit in which it had been offered.

AN INSECT WORTH MILLIONS.

THE cottony cushion scale has been for years the greatest enemy to the orange-grower of California. It was brought there from Australia, in 1868, on trees and shrubs imported from that country, and spread and multiplied till it promised to devastate the entire orange-growing regions of the State.

A fruit grower near San Francisco, under the belief that there must be a parasite for the insect in the country from whence it came, went to Australia, and after due investigation made the expected discovery. It was a kind of lady-bird which he found to be the principal enemy of the cottony cushion scale, and he captured and shipped several colonies of these insects and their larvae to California. This was in the autumn of 1888.

So rapid was their increase that by December 1, 1889, the work of exterminating the cottony cushion scale was practically accomplished. The money value of this lady-bird to the orange growers of the State has been incalculable. The saving of the orchards already infested, the protecting of the others that were sure to be blighted by this terrible curse, to say nothing of perpetuating an industry, that it seems will be the king of all horticultural pursuits of the region, is simply grand, and cannot be estimated by the usual monetary test.

RESPECTFUL.

THERE is an anecdote told concerning a well-known naval officer, who had risen to the office of captain by personal gallantry in the war of 1812, and had never gained the accomplishments of the modern naval school. His frigate being anchored off Naples, the gallant captain had invited the Pope and the King of Naples, the Bourbon "Bomba," to visit him, and the invitation had been accepted.

The illustrious guests were received with all due honour, the ship was inspected and everything went off well. But the captain was at once anxious to discharge the duties of hospitality, and at the same time fearful of offending his spiritual visitor. Calling his first lieutenant, he said:—

"Lieutenant, please take charge of Pope. Pope, excuse me. King, come into the cabin and have a drink."

When Naples was ruled by King Bomba, His Majesty one day paid a visit to the ship of an English commodore lying in the bay. While the commodore was receiving his royal visitor on the quarter-deck, a member of the Neapolitan suite, in brilliant uniform, cruising about amidsthips, mistook a wind-sail for a pillar, and leaning against it, suddenly went below, head foremost. The only witness of the accident, an old tar, thereupon made for the quarter-deck, and having saluted, said, "I beg pardon, commodore, but one of them 'ere kings has fell down the hatchway."

IS THE HUMAN SKULL BECOMING THINNER?

AN American scientist, Mr. B. Cooper, endeavours to show that it is. If, he says, we accept the tenets of evolutionists, a race adapted to certain circumstances will, if these circumstances be altered, become modified in a corresponding degree, retrogression may result as well as improvement, and this modification may be confined to a certain part or organ.

What forces, then, have exerted their influence on the basket of the brain? First, natural selection, in the case of those creatures that engaged in fierce combats, would tend to eliminate those individuals with frail craniums; and, as man comes within the category of belligerent creatures, when barbaric warfare and the dangers of the chase were uncommon occurrences, natural selection would of course, exercise a powerful influence in maintaining a standard of cranial strength.

Then, too, in the presence of repeated violence, adaptation would undoubtedly provide a suitable armour for this delicate and important organ. In civilised man,

however—at all events, in the higher grades of modern civilisation—natural selection may be said to exert no influence in this direction. War is too infrequent, and engages too small a portion of mankind, while the forces with which it deals are of a nature to alter the whole aspect of the case.

And while adaptation undoubtedly operates, particularly among the labouring classes, upon other portions of the frame to maintain their rigidity, it is only in rare instances that the skull is called upon to support any greater pressure than that exerted by the headgear.

It is not to be overlooked that among semi-civilised people, where the facilities for transportation are limited, the head is often made to support considerable weights, and except where rigid rules of caste prevent the intermarriage of classes, the joint action of adaptation and heredity, disseminate the effects of this custom throughout the community. A blow that would shatter a European skull falls harmless on that of a negro.

There probably never was a time in the history of the world when the skull was subjected to so little violence as since the introduction of modern methods of transportation; but when we recall the fact that it was but a few centuries ago that the more advanced nations of the present day were barbaric, it is too soon to look for any great change. Yet it is not uncommon to hear of cases of fracture of the skull which are ascribed to its unusual thinness.

If the force of the position assumed by Mr. Cooper is accepted, the logical conclusion is that we are approaching a time when the human cranium will become much thinner—so delicate, in fact, that it will be easily fractured. We may then, he thinks, expect a revival of natural selection, and an increase of cases of death from violence to the head.

A RAILWAY Washing Company has been talked of. The clothes are to be boiled under the copper of the engine, and mangled under the wheels of the luggage train.

A NEAT proposal of marriage was made by a young man the other night. He said:—

"Now, Miss Smythe, you say you have ten thousand pounds in your own name—why not put it in mine?"

DICKENS had a whimsical dislike to being called "Grandfather," and to being "regarded in that light." In a letter to a friend he wrote: "I can never imagine myself grandfather of four. That objectionable relationship is never permitted in my presence 'I make the mites suppose that my lawful name is 'Wenerables,' which they piously believe."

AFTER Protection was established in one of the Australian colonies, it became a serious question whether duties should be levied on the ascertained value of the goods or more rapidly or conveniently by superficial measurement of the cases. A member of inordinate length and breadth professed himself unable to understand what all the bother was about. What difference could it make to the State in which way it received its Custom duties?

"Let me assure the honorable member," said the Commissioner of Customs, an Irishman from the gold-fields, "that measurement and valuation sometimes represent quite different amounts. It would be a profitable transaction, for example, to buy the honorable member *ad valorem* and sell him by measurement."

ELEVEN SOVEREIGNS A WEEK IN PRIZES TO CRICKETERS.

FROM the first week in May till the first week in September, we propose to set aside eleven sovereigns a week to be divided among the eleven members of the cricket team which secures the most decisive victory in a one day match. The competition will be confined to *bona fide* club matches.

Results must reach us at latest on the Thursday of the week following that in which the matches were played, with envelopes marked MARCH. The full scores of each team must be sent in, and must be duly certified by the captain and secretary of one of the teams.

The decision will rest with the editor of this paper, and a sovereign will be sent to each member of the team which is considered to have secured the most decisive victory. The addresses of the members of each winning team should be sent, in order that a cheque may be forwarded to each of them direct.

This competition offers a chance to every cricketer, for, even though a man may not be a particularly brilliant bowler or batsman, he may quite well be one of a team which achieves a marked success.

RESULTS FOR THE FIRST WEEK'S COMPETITION MUST REACH US AT LATEST ON THURSDAY, MAY 12TH.

QUESTIONS WORTH ANSWERING.

REPLIES.

885. Was George Stephenson Right When he said, "All Power comes from the Sun"?

To all practical purposes he was. Some day the energy of the tides, due to lunar attraction, may be utilised as power; but so far as we have got at present it is safe to say that we owe all the forces at our service to the sun. The wind blows because some portions of the atmosphere are more rarefied by heat than others; rivers flow because water raised by evaporation falls back to earth as rain; fire heats because it is the release of energy locked up by the direct or indirect agency of the solar rays; and animals possess strength because the chemistry of digestion and absorption sets free and restores the energy, derived by the plants and other animals on which they feed, from the air and the soil by the aid of the sun.

886. Has Gold ever Fallen from the Sky?

Until within the last few months mankind did not possess any gold that could be traced to other than terrestrial origin, but about two months ago there came news—of course from America, the Cathay of the present day—of a marvellous find made by Mr. W. H. Turner, a well-known geologist of Washington, during an exploring journey in the hill country of Calaveras. This was nothing less than the discovery of a meteoric stone the size of a man's fist, and coated over a considerable portion of its surface with pure gold. At the Smithsonian Institution a piece of the meteorite was with great difficulty cut off, and it was found that it was composed of a clean, white-looking metal something like nickel, and plentifully flecked with gold throughout its substance. The existence of the flecks of gold scattered through the body of the meteorite disposes of the objection that it may have been gold-plated after falling to the earth, and demonstrates for the first time that there is gold in the worlds of space as well as upon our own globe.

889. Have the "Atoms" of which Matter is said to be Composed any Real Existence?

On the lines of pure reason this question can only be answered in the negative. The "ultimate indivisible particle" assumed by the Atomic Theory is simply unthinkable, for nothing can be imagined so small that it would not have an outside and an inside, and therefore be theoretically divisible into two yet smaller portions, and so on for ever. The supposition that the atom is "the smallest portion of an elementary substance that can enter into or go out of combination with any other" may settle the question from the chemical point of view, but it does not touch the physical side of the problem. In the last analysis this is found to be one of those questions which must remain unanswered until human intellect becomes further developed. We cannot imagine matter save as composed of particles, and yet the moment we turn our mind's eye on these particles they vanish down an infinite series of divisions, and leave us confronted by a choice between ultimate nothingness and an unthinkable monstrosity, which has neither inside nor outside, top nor bottom, centre nor circumference.

891. How did Traders Advertise before the Newspaper Age?

In ancient times the Romans advertised by "Præcones," or criers, who announced the time, place, and condition of sales, and cried things lost. They also advertised by writing, and various advertisements have been discovered on the walls of Pompeii. One tells that there will be a dedication, or formal opening, of certain baths. The company attending are promised slaughter of wild beasts, and awnings to keep off the sun. Other announcements were painted on walls, or hung about in the form of signboards. The ancient Greeks also employed a public crier, who went out into the streets with

a bell, sometimes accompanied by a musician. The Greek crier was oftentimes a man of wit and humour, who first gathered a crowd and entertained them, and then passed from pleasure to business. In the British Museum there is a collection of ancient Greek advertisements. They are in the form of leaden plates. Such a plate could, of course, be used again and again, the old advertisement being erased, the plate smoothed, and a new advertisement indented upon it. Again, the old Egyptians appear to have been regular advertisers. Papyrus leaves, 8,000 years old, have been excavated. They are inscribed with descriptions of runaway slaves and the offer of a reward to anyone who can catch them. It was probably a custom in Egypt, as it certainly was in Greece and Rome, to fasten advertisements upon the walls of public buildings, or the pedestals of statues, in the most frequented spots.

892. What is the Best Definition of the Difference Between Talent and Genius?

The most concise definition is that genius does what it must while talent only does what it can. Undoubtedly, the most important meaning of the term genius, as pointing to a fundamental peculiarity, is that connecting it with originality, invention, or creative power, in any department of intellectual activity, artistic, scientific, or practical. Every effort of the inventive faculties of man by which new and superior combinations and devices are introduced into the world, with a view to diminish the pains, or add to the pleasures of mankind, may be properly designated the outcome of genius. The term talent, on the other hand, must be applied to the best examples of acquired or developed power, short of the aptitude for invention. A good contrast is furnished by the crowd of imitators who follow in the wake of any great and original mind, aiming at producing similar effects without the inward spontaneity of the master, and with only the resource of copying his external form and peculiarities. The men most apt at acquiring, imitating, or combining, display talent; the men who originate, either in art or science, are endowed with genius.

893. Do the Tides anywhere Correspond Exactly with the Changes of Night and Day?

In some of the islands of the Mid-Pacific what little tide there is corresponds very closely at certain seasons of the year with the periods of day and night. This happens in consequence of the retardation of the tide-wave by the innumerable reefs and islands of these seas, and the equalising of the solar and tidal day. Thus at the Society Islands the tides vary but a few minutes one way or the other, and it is practically always low water at sunrise and sunset, and high water at noon and midnight. The highest sweep of the tidal wave also passes the south-western extremity of Van Dieman's Land at twelve noon daily with very slight variation.

896. Do any known rules Govern the Changes in the Colour of the Sky?

Careful observations continued over a long period have shown that the blue of the sky is deepest and clearest in December, January, March, and September, and palest in February, July, August, and November. Again, the sky is always most blue at the zenith, and least so at the horizon. So, too, the sky of tropical regions is far more intensely blue than that of the temperate zones. Professor Tyndal has shown that the hue of the sky is due to the presence of watery vapour, and the more there is of this in the air the paler the blue of the sky will be, and vice versa. For this reason, too, the skies of tropical and inland districts, being much drier, are therefore much bluer than those of temperate and sea-board countries.

895. Is the Alchemists' theory of the Transmutation of Metals ever likely to be proved correct?

The most recent researches in chemistry and spectrum analysis which have been conducted by the most eminent scientists whose work lies in that direction, undoubtedly tend towards the conclusion that, granted continuous progress of research, it will one day be possible to describe all the now so-called "elements" as modifications of one primordial substance, which Lockyer believes to be

Helium, a gaseous element found by him in the luminous atmosphere of the sun. It is not possible to correctly describe in popular language and within a short space the many intricate processes by which these conclusions have been arrived at, but in general terms the present condition of the problem may be stated as follows:—At very high temperatures all the "elements" are reduced to a gaseous state in which their ordinary differences of character become less and less marked, and the mathematical weights of their atoms become very nearly simple multiples of each other when taken in an ascending series. The simplest and most natural explanation of this is the very probable supposition that they are all "allotropic," or varying forms of one simple substance, differing only in the number and grouping of the atoms composing them. Should this supposition one day prove to be fact, it is more than likely that the advanced skill of that day will prove equal to the task of changing these atomic arrangements at will, and so realising the old-world dream of the transmutation of metals.

894. Has a Regiment ever been Annihilated in a Single Battle?

There are several instances on record of the complete destruction of whole regiments in one battle. On September 8th, 1812, when Napoleon reviewed his army after the battle of Borodino, he noticed that a certain regiment was missing. "Where is the 53rd of the Line?" he asked. "In the ditch, sire," was the reply. Every man had perished in storming one of the Russian positions. On January 6th, 1842, 14,500 British soldiers marched out of Cabul. Of these only 4,000 reached Jagdulluck, and there a battle was fought, out of which only sixty-five emerged alive, and of these only one man, Dr. Brydon, reached Jelallabad. In November, 1883, the whole army of Hicks Pasha, 11,000 strong, was cut to pieces near El-Obeid, above the Fifth Cataract of the Nile. These are the most salient instances furnished by the history of modern warfare. In the histories of distant times, when wars of extermination were more frequent, the total destruction of a whole army in battle and pursuit may often be read of.

898. How is the Hum of a Flying Insect Produced?

In the case of a humming-bird the sound is caused by the beating of the wings against the air; but it is different with humming insects. Their hum or buzz is produced by the under-part of their hard wings scraping against the edges of their hind legs, which are toothed like a saw. The more rapidly their wings move the stronger the grating sound becomes. This is why in hot thirsty weather the buzzing of the gnat is so loud, for the more thirsty and the more eager he becomes the wilder his movements will be. Some insects, like the drone-fly, force the air through the tiny air-passages in their sides, and as these passages are closed by little plates the plates vibrate to and fro and make sound-waves. It may be added, on M. Landois' authority, that a fly which produces the note F moves its wings 352 times a second; a bee making the sound of A vibrates the wings 440 times. A tired bee hums on E, and vibrates some 330 times in the second. Thus, to a certain extent, the hum is an expression of the emotions in insects.

899. At what Age do Children begin to Dream?

A child may dream from almost the first hour of its life. Let it have but one experience, either that of light, warmth, or the more pleasurable one of suction, and, in its sleep, that experience may and probably will be recalled. If a child's mouth be watched in its first sleep its lips will be seen to be in motion, the action of sucking is going on. The child is dreaming of his first meal. Of course the dreams of early infancy are purely instinctive; but, though there be no lasting impression on the sensorium, the brain is affected in the same manner as in later life though not in the same degree. Dreams being either an exaggerated or diminished repetition of events, objective impressions, or ideas, which have really had existence during our waking moments, those of an infant must of necessity be limited and vague, but they are nevertheless dreams, and vary from those of more mature existence in degree only, not in kind.

CONDITIONS.

We shall be glad to receive replies to any of the questions asked here from our readers. Each reply must bear the writer's name and address. We shall print the best reply to each question, and shall pay for all matter printed at our ordinary rate of two guineas a column. The same reader may send replies to any number of queries. Envelopes should be marked "Replies," in the top left-hand corner, and answers to the questions in any issue of the paper must reach us by first post on the Tuesday of the week following their publication. Payment will only be made for replies published. Authorities on which replies are based must be given. Half-a-crown will be paid on publication for every question received which is considered worthy of insertion.

QUESTIONS.

921. Why do cocks crow at day-break?
922. Which tree now living has the longest authentic history?
923. Why do not young infants shed tears when they cry?
924. Why are there no tides in the Mediterranean Sea?
925. When and where were volcanoes last active in the British Isles?
926. Why is it so dangerous to allow air to get into leaden water-pipes?
927. Is there any known method of checking the rolling of ships?
928. Do steamers travel faster in deep or shallow water?
929. How can the points of the compass be told from trees and stones?
930. What is the origin of the title "Defender of the Faith"?

ESTABLISHED 1871.

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THE "OCEAN" GUARANTEES PEARSON'S WEEKLY INSURANCE SYSTEM.

A SUGGESTION.

PAT REILLY was taking a ride
On an elegant summer morning,
And Kathleen sat close by his side,
Bright smiles her sweet face adorning.
And she looked so tidy and neat,
Her figure so plump and trim;
No girl so pretty and sweet
Had ever appeared to him.
Said Pat, "Yer eyes are so blue,
And yer lips so temptingly red,
They're the purtiest I ever knew,
And belong to the colleen I'd wed.
"Ah, darlin', if it wasn't this baste
That's pullin' me poor arms apart,
They would tinkerly steal round yer waist,
And yerself be pressed to me heart.
"For me love's that powerful indade,
Widout ye I cannot survive."
Then Kathleen blushed rosy, and said,
"Mr. Reilly, perhaps I could drive."

A PREDICAMENT.

ONE of our young clerks bought a splendid cut-glass bottle of Cologne, with a glass stopper and pink ribbon, to present to a young lady he is keeping company with; but on reaching the house he felt a little embarrassed for fear there were members of the family present, and so left the beautiful gift in the hat-stand drawer and passed in. The movement was perceived by a graceless brother of the young lady, who appropriated the Cologne for his own use, and refilled the bottle with hartshorn, and then hung about to observe the result.

In a little while the young man slipped out to the secret depository, and, securing the splendid gift, slipped back again into the parlour, where, with a few appropriate words, he pressed it upon the blushing girl. Like the good and faithful daughter that she was, she at once hurried into the presence of her mother, and the old lady was charmed.

She drew out the stopper, laid her nostrils over the aperture, and fetched a pull at the contents that fairly made them bubble. Then she laid the bottle down, and picking up a brass-mounted fire-shovel instead, said, as soon as she could say anything—

"Where is that miserable wretch?"

He, all unconscious of what had happened, was in front of the mirror adjusting his necktie and smiling at himself. Here she found him, and said to him:

"Oh, you are laughing at the trick you played on an old woman, are you?"

And then she gave him one on the ear. And he, being more eloquent with his legs than his tongue, hastened from thence, howling, and accompanied to the gate by that brass-mounted shovel. He says he would give everything on earth if he could shake off the impression that a mistake had been made.

THE NAMES OF COINS.

THE florin, one of the most famous of modern coins, originated in Florence. Some say that it gave the name to the city, while others assert that when it was first so called it had on it a *fleur de lis* from the Italian florine, or "flower," for the same reason that an English silver piece is called a "crown" or certain gold pieces in France indifferently a "Napoleon" or a "Louis," or the ten-dollar gold piece in America an "eagle."

For several hundred years, and down to a comparatively recent date, money was coined at from twenty-five to thirty different cities in France that had inherited the privilege. Now all French money is coined at the Paris Mint.

Few French gold pieces are, however, in circulation, except those bearing the head of Napoleon III., and silver pieces of the same coinage are almost as common. French silver coins wear admirably, and pieces of the reigns of Charles X., Louis XVIII., and Napoleon I., are very common.

The standard coins on the Continent are—in France, the franc; in Spain, the peseta; in Italy, the lira; in Holland and Austria, the florin; in Germany, the mark; in Russia, the rouble.

Belgium and Switzerland use the French name for the piece of twenty sous. Each of these pieces is, like the American dollar, divided into 100 parts, called kopeck in Russia, pfennig in Germany, kreutzer in Austria, cent in Holland, and in Italy, France, and Spain by the word meaning hundredth.

The word "shilling" is of German derivation, like "penny," which comes from the German "pfennig." The word "crown" comes from the image placed on the coin. The name "franc" was given by King John, who first coined these pieces in 1360. They bore the motto "Le Roi Frank" (King of the Franks), and were of two kinds, one representing the king on horseback, the other on foot.

The franc was formerly also called livre (pound), though the connection with any special weight is not evident. The name of the German coin, mark, meaning

a weight of eight ounces, was formerly in general use in Europe.

The name of the Italian coin that corresponds with the franc (lira), also means pound. The coins in present use in Spain have their names from other sources. The five-peseta piece is called escudo (shield). "Peseta," the name of the small coin representing the monetary standard, means simply "little piece," "Rouble" is from the word meaning "to cut," and was so called because originally the coin was made with an ornamental edge.

Few persons have ever troubled themselves to think of the derivation of the word dollar. It is from the German thal (valley), and came into use some 300 years ago. There is a little silver-mining city or district in Northern Bohemia, called Joachimsthal, or Joachim's Valley. The reigning duke of the region authorised this city in the sixteenth century to coin a silver piece which was called "Joachimsthaler." The word "joachim" was soon dropped, and the name "thaler" only retained.

The piece went into general use in Germany and Denmark, where the orthography was changed to "daler," whence it came into English, and was adopted by the Americans with still further changes in the spelling. The Mexican dollar is generally called "piastre" in France, and the name is sometimes applied to the United States dollar.

The appellation is incorrect in either case, for the word piastre or piastra has for the last fifty years been only applied with correctness to a small silver coin used in Turkey or Egypt, which is worth from three to four pence.

PAINLESS DENTISTRY.

MANY years ago, a group of cowboys rode into the frontier town of Prairieville, and while cantering down the principal street came to a sign—"Painless Dentistry." They emptied the contents of their revolvers into it, and then one of the company dismounted and announced his intention to go in and get an aching tooth attended to.

"And I don't pay no fancy price for it, neither," he muttered, as he walked noisily into the office.

The dentist was a quiet-looking man of twenty-five.

"See here!" shouted the cowboy, as he advanced towards the chair, "I want a tooth fixed, and I don't want any high-toned prices charged, either."

He threw himself into the chair, hitched his belt round in front of him, laid his revolver across his lap, and told the dentist that if he hurt him he would shoot the top of his head off.

"Very well," replied the dentist, with a slight laugh; "then you must take gas, for this is a bad tooth and will give trouble."

The cowboy reviled him, but finally yielded, and with a parting threat submitted to the respiration, and presently was insensible. With great skill the man of the forceps pulled the tooth, and then, before his customer regained consciousness, he securely tied him hand and foot to the chair, which was firmly screwed to the floor. Then, taking the bully's revolver out of his belt, the dentist assumed a position where the patient could see him when he came to.

As the cowboy struggled back to consciousness the first thing of which he was sensible was the dentist pointing the revolver at him, and saying in quiet tones:

"Now then, don't move. Just open your mouth as wide as possible, and I will shoot the bad tooth off. This is the painless process. No danger, sir, unless you happen to swallow the bullet. Are you ready? Then here goes. One, two, three."

Bang! went the revolver, knocking a hole in the floor under the chair, and the dentist rushed forward holding out the tooth in his hand to show the now terrified bully, who roared for mercy and begged to be released, thinking that he had fallen into the hands of a madman.

The dentist finally cut his bonds on condition that his customer should restore the riddled sign outside the office. And after paying five dollars for the extracted tooth, which the dentist grimly declared to be the regular price for painless operations, the crestfallen cowboy departed, convinced that appearances are sometimes deceitful, and that even a tender-foot may have nerve.

PRIZES FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

Result of competition for the issue dated April 23rd appears below:—Charles Marks, 2, Dunk Street, Old Montague Street, Whitechapel, 425; S. Freedman, 55, Lindley Street, Mile End Road, E. 401; Abram Seelig, 73, New Road, Whitechapel, 387; Harry Nathanson, 39, Grove Street, Commercial Road, E. 364; Harry J. Whittingham, Russell Terrace, Madeley, Salop, 350; Minnie Platon, 26, William Street, Cannon Street Road, E. 335; Thomas Newbrook, Church Street, Madeley, Salop, 343; Sarah Jacobs, 134, Commercial Road, E. 331; Philip Freedman, 153, Sidney Street, Mile End Road, 325; Alfred John Bennett, Coalpit Road, Madeley, Salop, 313; Annie Seelig, 73, New Road, Whitechapel, 313; Rebecca Lazarus, 14, Berner Street, Commercial Road East, 300; Harry Jacobs, 77, Sidney Street, Mile End, E. 300; Isaac Edis, 163, Islington, Liverpool, 286; Winifred Edis, 163, Islington, Liverpool, 284; Isidore Jacobs, 77, Sidney Street, Mile End, 270; Mark Goldner, 82, Pelham Street, Spitalfields, 262; Frances Panting Kooloo, Swindon, 261; Annie Sandground, 12, Berners Street, Commercial Road, E. 260; Ethel Holloway, Avenue Road, Swindon, 250.

These competitions will now cease.

CONCERNING GREEN GRAPES.

Few of the fruit-eating public are aware of the source of supply of what are called Malaga, or white grapes. From a little village in Spain, called Almeria, situated directly on the Mediterranean Sea, about 150 miles east of Gibraltar, are shipped annually, from August 25th to November 1st, between 500,000 and 900,000 barrels of grapes.

They are called after Malaga, which is half-way between there and Gibraltar. Almeria is 180 miles from any railway, and all roads stop some twenty miles out from the village. It is rarely visited by tourists, owing to its inaccessibility, and in consequence of this it is a thoroughly old Spanish town, maintaining the customs and habits of the remote past, and free from the innovations that time has wrought elsewhere.

The visits of travellers and the march of progress have passed this place and left it in lonely isolation. The town is under the rule of a governor, and its principal source of income comes from the growing of grapes. The number of inhabitants living in the town proper is about 10,000.

The grapes that come to this country, however, are not grown in Almeria, but in surrounding towns within a radius of forty miles back from the sea, in the interior, and on the slopes of the range of the Sierra Nevada Mountains.

As all roads end a few miles out from Almeria, the only way to get to these towns is by means of beaten paths which have been made in the usual course of travel, and which are extremely rough and rocky. These towns are all under the government of Almeria, and number in inhabitants from 800 to 1,500 people each. Almost all the inhabitants are engaged in grape-growing. The yield of each vineyard ranges from fifty to two thousand barrels, each barrel containing 40 lb. net.

The grapes begin to ripen about the middle of August, and are usually harvested by October 1st. Each grower has a little house in his vineyard, with slatted sides, and in this house the grapes are "sweated," this is to tighten the skins.

The grapes are taken from the vines in clusters, and carefully laid in these houses to the depth of two feet, and are left there two days. Great drops of water ooze gradually out and drop from the berries during this time of probation.

When the grower wishes to prepare his fruit for shipping, he takes it from the sweat-house and carefully inspects each bunch. All decayed or inferior grapes are cut from the bunch, which is laid to one side ready for packing. The barrels used for this purpose are made of oak.

The packer takes a barrel and sprinkles about two inches of fine cork-dust in the bottom, and then lays round on the top of this the bunches of fruit. After that he covers the layer of grapes with a layer of cork-dust, shaking it down so that it fills any apertures that may have been left between the bunches. Inasmuch as the grape grows with the fruit wide apart on the stem, this cork also shakes into these little openings between the fruit, and thus each grape is kept from touching any other.

This operation is continued until the barrel is nearly full, when about four inches of cork-dust are packed on the top, and then the cover is nailed to the barrel. The package thus becomes perfectly air-tight, and when the grower's private brand is placed on the top, the barrel is ready for shipment.

The grower, having packed ten or twenty barrels of grapes, proceeds to load them on the back of a donkey by means of a double net which holds an equal quantity on each side of the animal.

He then starts for Almeria, and his donkey being heavily laden, the grower is obliged to walk the entire distance. Having reached Almeria the barrels are placed on the quay, and from thence are forwarded where the grower desires.

What is most astonishing about these grapes is the length of time they keep good and sound. Everything is packed and shipped from Almeria by November 1st, and the jobbing trade rarely dispose of the fruit before the first of the following April. The crop last year was 450,000 barrels.

One or two facts illustrate forcibly how civilisation has stagnated in this section. An Englishman who went to Almeria a few years ago, and saw the difficulties which the growers laboured under in getting their fruit from the interior of the country to the point of shipment, made overtures to the people, and attempted to carry out a plan of running a narrow gauge railway from the interior to the quay, and barely escaped with his life, as the growers said that any such scheme could not fail to result in depriving a great number of men of their means of livelihood.

Another instance is where a ship captain attempted to moor his vessel alongside of the fine quay that the port of Almeria has, in order to load direct without the aid of small boats.

He was compelled to pull his vessel out some rods, and was glad to do so to escape personal injury, as the ship-pers of the port said it would be doing away with the customs of their forefathers in a manner they would not permit if they did not take the grapes from the quay, and carry them a boat-load at a time to the vessel that lay waiting for them.

SOMETHING NEW AND STRANGE.

Under this heading we publish brief accounts of new and curious inventions and discoveries. Should any readers have something exceptional of the kind which they would like to communicate to the world at large, we shall be very glad if they will make this the medium for doing so.

In the world is just now being built by **The Biggest** Messrs. Brown, Boveri and Co. in their **Electro-Motor** works at Baden, Switzerland. It is intended for railway use and is expected to play the same part towards the steam locomotive as that did towards the stage-coach horses. It will run on sixteen wheels, and will have the power transmitted direct to eight motors arranged on the axles from dynamos developing 1,500 horse power, and capable of increase to 2,000. The new locomotive is expected to develop a higher speed than the fastest steam engines now in use, and this expectation will be submitted to the test of experience at the end of the summer.

The latest invention in submarine vessels is that built by a native of New-Marine Boat foundland, though he bears the English name of Van Witen. It is claimed that this craft has really solved the difficult problem of navigating under water, and in the trials that have hitherto been made the inventor has justified his assertions. The new boat is cigar-shaped, of considerable length, and has twin rudders and screws. It can be propelled at any depth of water, the motive power being electricity, which also lights the interior of the vessel. The crew consists of four men, who, in addition to working the vessel, would be equal to the management of the torpedoes with which the craft would be armed. The inventor proposes to bring the boat to Europe when the trials he is now engaged in are at an end, and will probably visit England first.

A new system of electric traction by cable is about to be tried in Chicago. **An Electric Cable-Line.** If Mr. Love, the inventor, has not been misled by pardonable enthusiasm to unduly glorify his new system, some startling marvels may shortly be looked for. This is what he says of it:—"My invention will revolutionise the carrying systems of the world. We can pull heavy trains at any speed desired; we will light and heat the cars, and guarantee to handle 60,000 passengers an hour; we can stop a train going at the maximum speed allowed by the ordinances within two feet; we can run backwards or forwards at the same speed; there is no loss of the power, and the conductors will last almost for ever; there can be no breakage, no delay. A tremendous power, which can be regulated by a child, drives the train, and it is perpetual." If Mr. Love is not exaggerating, his system ought to satisfy mankind pretty well until we develop wings, electro-motor or otherwise, and do our travelling through the air.

A Shilling Locomotive that will really work by steam, and will travel over 800 yards without getting tired, is a combination of cheapness and ingenuity almost startling enough to make George Stephenson want to come back from Valhalla to look at it. If he did he would be not a little surprised to find it by no means unlike his own old "Rocket," the prototype of the steel and iron giants which nowadays mock the fears of those who looked upon him almost as a criminal lunatic for proposing to take passengers over the metals at the break-neck speed of fifteen miles an hour. Instead of the two pistons which drove the driving wheels of the "Rocket," from above the boiler, this little engine has one cylinder and a fly-wheel in the same position, and the power is communicated to the driving-wheel by means of a band. Although it really works by steam, there is not the slightest fear of explosion. It will run on any smooth, level surface, and will yield just as much amusement as a complicated model costing £15 or £20. It is put on the market by Messrs. Cave and Easterling, of 25, Red Cross Street, E.C.

An Automatic Candle Extinguisher. PEOPLE who indulge in the pernicious but seductive habit of reading in bed by candle-light are notoriously apt to succumb to the combined effects of natural exhaustion and the stuff they read, and to go to sleep, leaving the candle to burn down to its socket, set fire to the paper that is usually wrapped round it, and make them dream they are sleeping in a tannery or being burnt alive, if it does not actually put them in danger of this fate. Mr. E. Jones, of Pontardunlais, has perfected and patented an automatic extinguisher which seems well adapted to obviate these unpleasantnesses. The device consists of a brass clip and hinged cap supported by a lever. The clip is placed on the candle at the point beyond which it is not to burn, and until this point is reached the lever pressing against the wax prevents the cap from falling, but as soon as the candle burns down to the clip the lever is released and the cap falls on the wick, extinguishing the flame at once. The extinguisher is put on the wholesale market by Messrs. Wilkins and Wright, 58, Graham Street, Birmingham, and may be had retail for a few pence.

A Marvellous Timepiece. There is every probability that the Chicago Exhibition will contain the greatest miracle in clock-making that mechanical skill has yet achieved.

The famous clock of Strasbourg Cathedral may now be considered as literally and metaphorically knocked out of time, for this wondrous horologe does everything that it does, and many other marvels besides. It is 21 ft. high, 9 ft. wide, and 3 ft. deep. Once wound up it will mark time until it has struck a total of 9,999, and—bar accidents and the end of the world—it will go for centuries without needing readjustment. If nothing goes wrong with the works, one mechanical angel will strike the minutes on a bell, and another will strike the quarter-hours, while the hours themselves will be told off by a skeleton representing Death. At the last stroke his Majesty will retire and the twelve Apostles will appear and bow before an image of Christ. At six o'clock a procession of monks will pass into church, and just before midnight a watchman will come on duty and give the signals for each hour to be struck until 3 a.m., when he retires in favour of a rooster which announces the approach of dawn in the usual way. The seasons of the year will be represented by appropriate figures, and at Christmas time choristers will come forth and sing carols. If the clock could only tell us what the good folk of, say, A.D. 2892 will think of it, it would be perfect; but even clockwork cannot do everything.

Crinkle, Crinkle Little Star! One of the deadliest man-traps lying in the way of unsuspecting humanity is, beyond all doubt, the damp bed of the casual wayside inn or the ill-regulated seaside lodging-house. Wherefore, nowadays, when people are beginning to think about their yearly exodus from town to shore and country, it is nothing less than a duty to inform all and sundry how the secret terror of the damp bed may be instantly and infallibly exposed. The ironclad oath of the most specious landlady is not always to be taken as the uncorrupted truth, and travelling man and womankind will be pleased to hear that it will now be unnecessary even to ask the owner of the beds whether they are dry or not. All that traveller or tourist need now do will be to get from Mr. James Gage, of 8 and 10, Pembroke Place, Liverpool, one of his "Stellate Hygrometers," and with it try the beds for himself. He will receive a little square of stiff cloth folding over another square, the centre of which is filled by a circle of gauze on which lies a red five-pointed star of a thin transparent material. If this case is opened and laid on the sheet of the suspected bed, and that sheet or any of the blankets is not perfectly dry, the five points of the star will instantly begin to crinkle up like the leaves of the sensitive plant on the approach of the hand. It will, of course, detect damp in clothing just as readily, and we are able to say from actual experiment that it will find out moisture to which the skin is absolutely insensible. No one whose lot it is to sleep in strange beds ought to be without it.

If any reader of PEARSON'S WEEKLY wishes to communicate with an expert regarding an idea for a patent, let him write to the Editor of this paper, marking the envelope PATENT. The letter will be handed to a gentleman well known in connection with patents, who will put himself in communication with its sender.

ALL SORTS AND CONDITIONS OF MEN.

LORD BRASSBY makes it a rule to save a third of his vast income every year.

THE Emperor of Germany stands twenty-first in the direct line of succession to the British throne.

Two ladies only have obtained the degree of Mus. Doc., namely, the Princess of Wales, and Miss Annie Patterson, of Dublin.

THE Emperor of Austria is learning shorthand. Since his son's tragic death he finds time pass with unsupportable slowness.

GOUNOD, the composer, is an eccentric individual, and will only work at his own time and to order. It is said that he has twelve unfinished operas lying by in his MS. drawer.

It is not generally known that, to her other talents, the versatile Sarah Bernhardt adds that of the journalist. She is, when in Paris, the regular art critic of a leading daily paper, and during her flying visits to London always acts as special correspondent to the French paper *Le Gaulois*.

THE Countess of Warwick is one of the most intelligent and accomplished women in Great Britain. When still quite a young girl, and as daughter to the Scotch Earl of Wemyss, Lady Anne attracted the notice of the Queen, who asked her to come and see the Princess Royal, then a child of ten years old, and their mutual relations have remained very cordial ever since. An artist of more than average merit, Lady Warwick spends most of her time painting, and has exhibited a portrait of her daughter in the Royal Academy. Bookbinding is also a favourite study, and an art which she successfully practices, having as models the exquisite bindings of the rare volumes which are among her husband's most valued possessions.

MR. GLADSTONE has thirteen grand-children.

PRINCESS DOLGOROUVOI, the late Czar of Russia's Morganatic wife, is still a very beautiful woman. She is allowed an income of £20,000 a year by her imperial stepson; but neither she nor her young family are ever allowed to visit Russia. Accordingly she has made her home in Paris.

MISS KATHERINE TYNAN, the Irish poetess, is an interesting-looking girl. Her father owns Whitehall, one of the largest farms near Dublin, and is said to know more about agriculture than any man in Ireland. Miss Tynan published her first poem at the age of seventeen. She is a frequent contributor to the *NATIONAL OBSERVER*, and is one of the few living poets who make money by their verses.

ABOUT a year ago the Grand Duke Michael of Russia, visiting Paris, chanced to dine in the company of Rosa Bonheur, the great animal painter. They got on very well, and at dessert they ate a "philopona" together—that is to say, shared a double almond. But the Duke, when next day they met, forgot to say "Philopona," and lost the bet. He asked the artist what present he should give her, and she replied, laughingly, "Any pretty little animal that would do to paint." The Duke smiled and departed. Nothing more was heard of him, and the lady had forgotten the whole affair, when quite lately the royal forfeit arrived—to wit, three enormous Polar bears!

SIGNOR CRISTI, the great Italian statesman, is one of the most hot-tempered public men on the Continent. Absolute, irascible, and intolerant of opposition, even old age has not softened the fire of his character. To prove the truth of this it is only necessary to see him in the Camera, where the spectators from the Tribunes, in the colour more or less intense of the Premier's bald head, have a sure thermometer for estimating his mental state of excitement. Prince Bismarck is his great ideal, and when in office he models himself on the ex-Iron Chancellor; thus his colleagues are simply secretaries in his estimation, and King Humbert himself trembles before his redoubtable Minister.

THE Russian artist Morosow is one of the most striking personalities in St. Petersburg. He is an intimate friend of the Tolstoi family, and spends some weeks every year in the great writer's country home. When Mdle. Morosow married some few months ago, her father's friends and pupils devised a wonderful gift for the beautiful young girl. It consisted of probably the most remarkable wedding dress ever made. The foundation was of white satin and covered with small paintings, all in miniature, of allegorical subjects dealing with love and matrimony. This garment has been, it is hardly necessary to say, very carefully preserved, and would prove an addition to any art gallery, as it comprises the work of the most celebrated Russian artists.

THE King of Roumania, although overshadowed by the brilliant personality of his literary wife Carmen Sylva, is one of the most interesting monarchs in Europe. The second son of Prince Anthony Hohenzollern, at the time that the Roumanian kingdom was offered him he was a simple captain in a Prussian regiment, and the actual proposition was made to him on his twenty-seventh birthday; the fine soldierly bearing, personal courage, and fine dark eyes of Prince Charles impressed his new subjects very favourably. He married Elizabeth of Wied three years later, and has since been known as the most devoted of husbands. The life led by the royal couple is one of constant hard work. The King often rises at five o'clock in the morning, and the Queen gives up most of her time to charitable works.

THE Duke of Portland happened to be in America—and unmarried—the last time that twenty-nine days fell to the month of February, and the young and unappropriated ladies of his "set" gave a leap-year dance. Each of the hostesses, twenty-nine in number, was allowed to invite her own particular "beau" (I believe that is the correct American word), the whole affair being carried out with the greatest secrecy, so that no one but the gentleman himself should know by whose invitation he had attended the ball. The result was that the Duke of Portland received twenty-eight cards of invitation. He wisely refused them all, or the dénouement would have been a little striking. Twenty-eight hearts would have beaten with rapture, thinking that the Duke came for them alone, and there would have been twenty-seven men short, with the sad total of twenty-nine ladies and two gentlemen to constitute a dancing party.

MRS. KENDAL, the actress who acts simple, domestic parts more naturally than any other woman connected with the English-speaking stage, is forty-three years of age, and belongs to the well-known dramatic family of the Robertsons. She made her first appearance at the age of sixteen as Ophelia at the Haymarket Theatre, and although they were not married till many years had passed, it was on this occasion that Mr. Kendal first saw and fell in love with pretty "Madge" Robertson. Mrs. Kendal does not advise young women to go on the stage unless they have some kind of artistic connection. On the other hand, she declares that married actresses need not find their domestic duties interfering with their work, and adduces her own example as proof of her assertion. It is said that the Kendals have made £100,000 by their late tour in America, and will shortly retire from the stage.

WORKERS AND THEIR WORK—No. XXXV.

MR. FREDERICK HORNIMAN AND HIS MUSEUM.

LIKE Sir John Lubbock, Mr. Frederick Horniman has a double identity—in the City he is a man of business, at Surrey Mount, Dulwich, a collector and public benefactor of his kind.

This is not a place to write of the gigantic industry of Messrs. Horniman and Co. Suffice it to remark that more tea is handled each day in their Wormwood Street premises than in any other similar establishment in the world.

I found Mr. Horniman one Saturday afternoon in his beautiful home situated on the heights of Forest Hill, and standing in twenty acres of ground. It is difficult to believe that such a garden, with its orchards, plantations, and greenhouses, can exist so close to London. As you saunter through the grounds with the owner of the now famous "Horniman's Museum," it is evident that you are speaking to an enthusiastic lover of Nature, who has carried his love of the curious and rare into the arrangement of his lawns and shrubberies.

"I have been engaged in making my collection for the last thirty years," observed my host pleasantly, in answer to a question, as we approached the commodious building in which he has stored his treasures. "Some men spend their superfluous cash over one thing, some over another; my hobby has not proved more expensive than horse racing and sport, and I feel sure has given me a great deal more satisfaction."

"And did you always mean to found a museum, Mr. Horniman?" I asked, as we passed through into the exquisite entrance hall, hung with rare specimens of Japanese embroidery, ivory panels, and grotesque masks.

"No, indeed. The building in which we now stand used to be our house; but my family and I were literally crowded out by the many objects that I was continually adding to my collection. You see, long before people went in for this kind of thing," pointing to a Chinese wood carving, sculptured in high relief, representing the travels and adventures of a Buddhist priest, one of the unique pieces in the Museum; "long before it became the fashion to delight in Eastern art, I had people buying for me in Japan and China. That one piece was probably the work of a lifetime, and must have been done by the artist from pure love of art, and without any hope of gain."

"This torture chair," remarked Mr. Horniman, with the single-eyed zeal of the collector, "comes from the dungeons used during the Spanish Inquisition at Cuenca, and is dated 1676; it possesses fifty different ways of torturing its unhappy sitter, and is worth, I believe, over a couple of hundred pounds." Turning to a more cheerful kind of exhibit in the same armoury room, I noticed a complete mounted figure of a knight equipped for a tournament, both horse and man clad in German plate mail; one of the most perfect fifteenth century pieces in the world.

The two adjoining apartments are especially interesting, being furnished with articles "quite English you know," evidently brought together with the greatest care, and which are well worth a word to themselves.

The first, an Elizabethan bedroom, is a dark mysterious chamber, where, from beneath heavy tapestry of the twelfth century, peeps an oak canopied bedstead. On a table rests a large comb which was once used to part the golden locks of Queen Elizabeth. From a shelf hard by hang a couple of "leather bottles," on one of which is inscribed:—

I hope his soul in heaven may dwell
Who first found out the ledder bottel.

Passing from the bottles to the Bibles, we discover the "Breeches," "Bug," "Treacle," "Whigs," "Preachers," and "Great" Bibles, the last named a book of immense value, also a Venice illuminated folio Bible, one of the rarest books in existence. The Horniman Museum is said to possess one of the finest collections of old books in the country.

"The whole of these things," said Mr. Horniman, "has been collected one by one. I found the leather bottles hanging up in a butcher's shop in Warwickshire. Rare and beautiful objects are found at obscure country sales, and they often have the further merit, of being far more genuine than much which is palmed off on the modern collector by big dealers."

While the visitor is being shown round the museum an orchestral organ booms out the prelude of a lively opera, and one is made aware of a marvellous piece of mechanism, containing no fewer than 352 pipes, 78 brass instruments, drums large and small, cymbals, triangles, and other adjuncts of more or less melodious tones. This wonderful piece of musical machinery was rescued by Mr. Horniman from the Exhibition of 1862, and is guaranteed to interest both the musical and unmusical.

"This old English pantry," remarked Mr. Horniman smiling, as he opened the door into a quaint little room full of delf ware, and egg-shell and old blue china, an apartment calculated to astonish the eyes of the modern

housewife used to every villa convenience, "was my bathroom when we lived in this house."

In passing to the Eastern Gods' Room, I noticed curious mortuary urns, and a skeleton peeps from a cupboard labelled, "The framework upon which beauty is founded." The array of Buddhist deities would certainly satisfy the most exacting native devotee; gods of all sizes and shapes, of features, gruesome and hideous, haunt the onlooker.

But although having seen all these things, and many more, we had not reached the museum proper, as the long gallery which contains the geological department is called; the would-be naturalist and butterfly collector will here find sufficient to occupy them many a happy afternoon. Drawer after drawer is pulled open and reveals, it would seem, every beetle, butterfly and moth, which flies and crawls over the earth's surface. Several specimens have actually been named after Mr. Horniman, he having first caused them to be discovered.

"I should never have been able to get this collection together had it not been for the missionaries," he observed, thoughtfully; "they have helped me a great deal. I possess two butterflies which were only discovered after years of waiting. I found the best way of making the people who are collecting for me understand what I wanted, was to send simple water-coloured drawings of the rarer butterflies and beetles and bid them hunt till they found them. I need hardly tell you," he added smiling, "that one of the most interesting exhibits I possess from the boys' point of view is the collection of British birds' eggs."

It would be impossible to give in writing an adequate view of this vast assembly of the wonders of nature, art, and science; suffice it to say that among the china exhibits the glasses used by the late Emperor Frederick during his fatal illness, and an exquisite tea set which belonged to the Empress Eugenie during her brief, brilliant reign at the Paris Tuilleries, will be found of very special interest, while the Zoological saloon contains specimens which may well make the Zoo envious.

Mr. Horniman has been a great traveller, has seen many men, and many lands; but his principal occupation and delight when taking a short holiday has been to perpetuate the result of his journeys by many interesting trophies.

He has for a considerable period been trying the experiment of admitting the public on certain occasions to view his collections, and found that so much pleasure was given to these casual visitors by the inspection of his treasures, that he finally resolved to share them entirely with the people. Any respectable person who happens to be in the neighbourhood of "Horniman's Museum" either on Wednesday or Saturday afternoon, is now allowed to inspect all the marvels contained therein, under the guidance of the two gentlemen to whom the general care of the Museum has been confined. Mr. C. D. Watkins, an able naturalist, is always ready to explain and describe the marvels in which he takes such pride, to any visitor interested in natural history; and Mr. R. Quick, the Curator, may be said to know almost as much about the Museum and its contents as Mr. Horniman himself.

"Although, as you can see, everything is left more or less at the mercy of the public, we never have any trouble with the visitors," said my host heartily. "It is quite a pleasure to go round with a party of sightseers, they seem to thoroughly enjoy, and take such an intelligent interest in all they see; occasionally we are also able to help local school board teachers with the loan of specimens not too delicate for removal, and which are suitable for simple scientific instruction."

Mr. Frederick Horniman was born at Bridgwater some fifty-seven years ago. He is of an old family, the first of the name having come over in the thirteenth century from North Germany. An energetic, persevering, and high-principled race, it is not surprising that they were attracted by William Penn, and eventually became Quakers. Although Mr. Horniman himself is a member of the Church of England, he was educated at a Friends' College at Croydon, and has always remained faithful to the traditions of honesty and single-heartedness for which the Society have been famed. At fourteen, he was put into the firm of which he has been the head since his father's retirement; the business was, however, a short time ago, converted into a limited liability company, of which Mr. Horniman is chairman.

Our worker is a member of the Carpenters' Company, whose hall is in the Broad Street Ward, in which his town warehouses are situated. For some thirty years he has been a Fellow of the Royal Geographical Society, the Geological Society, the Royal Historical Society, and many other scientific bodies. He lives a very quiet but busy life, coming into the City most days. Although he still occasionally buys some rare curios for his own personal pleasure, the museum literally cannot hold anything more, and he daily refuses offers of new things from every part of the world. His wife and two children are devoted to art, and take a keen interest in their husband and father's life work.

There is great need in this country of public spirited private individuals like Mr. Horniman. A wealthy man, he desires to see the bulk of his riches devoted to the benefit of the public from whom he has derived them. There are not many City magnates who would hand over for all time to their fellow citizens a collection of rare and beautiful objects, entirely brought together by their own industry and energy, and worth over £200,000.

HOW CLOUDS FLOAT.

HERR VON FRANK, of Gras, has made a useful contribution towards solving the problem of how clouds float. A cloud is composed of minute particles of watery vapour. But water, no matter how light, must come under the influence of the attraction of gravity. Yet clouds seem to drift about or hang suspended without being subject to any such law.

Herr von Frank seeks to explain this anomaly by the presence of a minute envelope of vapour around each floating particle, the lengthening of the shadows of objects when clouds pass over the sun being attributed to refraction by the vapour envelopes. This vapour envelope is a bad conductor; hence it guards to some extent the droplets from evaporating and freezing. Heat expands the envelope surrounding these little spheres, so that they ascend, a phenomenon seen in the rise of mist in Alpine valleys.

STRANGE FREAKS OF WOMEN.

THE story is told of a lady of a respectable position who ordered her apparel in such a way that it never could be said of her that she wore a pair of anything. She wore stockings of different colours and gloves of opposite hues; and, in the same way, introduced strong contrasts into other portions of her daily attire. When asked to give a reason for her eccentricity, she could only say that it made her uncomfortable to do otherwise.

Many other freaks of feminine eccentricity in connection with dress might be cited, but it would be difficult to instance anything more absurd than the craze in France some quarter of a century ago for using snakes and insects as toilet adornments.

The Princess de la Tour d'Auvergne used to keep a little live snake in her pocket, and, in spite of the entreaties of her husband and her friends, would insist upon having it for a companion at public functions.

Madame Musard wore a small viper on her neck amidst her splendid diamonds, and when she appeared in the box at the opera, every glass in the house was levelled at her as she sat scintillating with diamonds, and with the dark coil of the reptile's body setting off the whiteness of her neck.

Later on, the Comtesse de Villeneuve for several months wore on her neck a beautiful scarabæus beetle. It was tethered to a ring by a very slender gold chain, which allowed the insect to run about on the lady's shoulder.

A young lady living in California some little while ago took it into her head that she would like to make horse-shoes. It had long been a favourite pastime of hers to watch a neighbouring blacksmith at work, and she at last asked to be allowed to try her hand upon a shoe. Permission was granted, and she did so well that she continued the employment, and came to be largely patronised. Specimens of her handiwork were subsequently exhibited at San Francisco, and the blacksmith who had taught her sent one of the horse-shoes as a present to Queen Victoria.

AN ABSOLUTELY GUARANTEED £1,000 INSURANCE.

NOT LIMITED TO ONE CLAIM. ONE THOUSAND POUNDS

Will be paid to whomsoever the Proprietors of this Paper may decide to be the Next-of-Kin of any person who is killed in an accident occurring within the United Kingdom to a Railway Train in which he or she may be travelling as an ordinary passenger. This payment will be made subject to the conditions and regulations mentioned below.

Either a complete copy of the current number of PEARSON'S WEEKLY, or this notice, must be upon the person of the deceased at the time of the accident. The blank line in the middle of this notice must contain the usual signature of the deceased, written either in ink or pencil. Death must occur within twenty-four hours of the accident, and application for payment of the Insurance Money must be made to the Proprietors of this Paper within seven days of its occurrence. This offer is not extended to Railway Servants on duty. The £1,000 will be paid by the OCEAN ACCIDENT AND GUARANTEE CORPORATION, LIMITED, Mansion House Buildings, London, E.C., being provided for by a monthly premium paid to the Corporation by PEARSON'S WEEKLY.

This copy is on sale at all Newsagents and Bookstalls on Monday, May 2nd, and confers the benefit of this insurance system until midnight on Monday, May 9th. Our offer is not confined to one claim, but will hold good for any number of individual cases. Not more than £1,000 will be paid on account of any one death.

Signature.....

I hereby certify that the premium in respect of this insurance has been paid up to May 26th, 1892, and that therefore every purchaser of PEARSON'S WEEKLY is insured with this company against fatal railway accident to the extent of ONE THOUSAND POUNDS under the conditions mentioned above.

Richard T. Paul
Secretary of the
Ocean Accident and Guarantee
Corporation Limited
Available until Midnight, May 9th, 1892.

BIG BUSINESSES.—X.

CALIFORNIAN CLEANSER.

THE PATENT BORAX COMPANY, BIRMINGHAM.

WHATEVER may be said of the sundry and manifold drawbacks to civilisation, from the point of view of the natural man, there is no denying the fact that, in one respect at least, the present age excels all the others that have passed away since the Roman belles and dandies passed the greater part of their leisure time in the scented baths of the later Empire.

This latter half of the nineteenth century is, beyond all comparison, the cleanest age that the world has seen since the foundation of Christianity. The Dark and Middle Ages were perhaps more pious, and were certainly more heroic; but they were shockingly dirty. For five hundred years and more after the fall of Rome, there was not a single public bath open in all Europe outside Moslem Spain, and the eighteenth century was well advanced in years before there was a single soap manufactory in Scotland, or a decent laundry in England.

Now we are the best washed nation in Europe, and Europe is the best washed Continent in the world.

Into the causes which have produced this great and salutary change it is not my present purpose to inquire. I have here to do not with causes but effects, and indeed with only one of these, the introduction and preparation of the latest and best of the cleansing and deodorising agents sought out and supplied to meet the demands of a generation that is determined to be clean at any price. The story of its seeking out may be briefly told as follows:—

About nineteen years ago, that is to say in '73-4, Mr. Arthur Robottom, a native of Birmingham, and one of those restless, untiring Englishmen whose adventurous genius has made the English name a commercial talisman the world over, was prospecting round the southern confines of the Western Wonderland when he stumbled across a long, deep valley whose indented surface shone like a vast expanse of snow-crystals under a sun that blazed unclouded out of a tropical sky. Millions of shining facets reflected the almost vertical rays with such brilliancy that the dazzled eye could only admire them for a moment before its brightness overpowered it. And this beautiful tropical wilderness was as lifeless and silent as the polar solitudes of eternal ice. The air was so dry that to breathe was painful, and to walk more than a few strides at a time impossible.

Wearied, thirsty, and half-stified by the heat, the lonely explorer looked round for a resting-place, and saw a hundred paces or so distant a little mound breaking the even slope of the valley.

He made towards it, and with a dry sigh of relief sat down upon it. After a few moments of rest he began to examine his seat, and to his intense astonishment found that he was sitting on the crystallised carcase of a dead horse. Very naturally surprised to find no offensive smell proceeding from a corpse which must have been lying for some time under the fierce heat of the tropical sun, he cut down into the flesh with his knife and was astonished to find that it was as fresh and sweet as if the animal had only just been killed.

Later on, he learned that the horse had dropped dead out of an emigrant train seven months before he sat on its carcase, and meanwhile he had discovered that the crystalline floor of the valley was composed of salts of boron, and that their marvellous powers of arresting decay had kept the horse flesh sweet for all that time under the most unfavourable conditions that could possibly be conceived.

Such a discovery made by such a man meant—in one all-descriptive word—money, and plenty of it, as the event has most amply proved. Mr. Robottom saw at a glance that he had stumbled on to the finest natural preservative that man could wish for, and there it lay in tons to be had for the picking up and taking away.

It was in accordance with the eternal fitness of things that this splendid find should have been made by a native of the town that was already glorified by the memories of Watt, Bolton, Murdock, and Priestley, and that the benefits of the discovery should be given to the world by Birmingham men.

The moment the explorer got back into touch with civilisation, he sent advices to the capital of the Midlands, which resulted in the formation of the Patent Borax Company, and the purchase of the Borate Valley from the Californian State Government for £5,000.

Not many investments have borne a better interest than the buying of that 120 square miles of barren western land. If it had been covered with golden coin of the British realm its face value would not have been as great as its natural worth has proved to be.

Operations were prudently commenced on a small scale; for the shrewd master-mind of the enterprise did not fail to grasp the fact that the staple commodity of the enterprise was in those days new and strange to the discriminating, and yet conservative British public, and that it would therefore have to win its way slowly and by dint of intrinsic merit if the venture was to prove a success.

At first a single, old-fashioned private house in New Market Street, Birmingham, was taken for the purposes

of the infant business, and the scale on which operations were commenced may be judged from the fact that the company began with the operative staff consisting of a man and his wife and daughter. The man pulverised and purified the crude product, and the woman and girl, working at a single bench about six feet by four, made up the result of his labours into packets for the use of the firm's earliest customers.

Prepared "Californian" Borax gradually caught on, and, as it did so, the premises, plant, and staff increased in direct ratio to the growing appreciation of the public.

After a while another house was taken, and what were then back gardens were built out upon, and when these extensions were completed the area of the premises was 120 feet by 80 feet. On the two floors these contained four packing-rooms 80 feet by 12 feet, two mill-rooms 60 feet by 12 feet, in which was the crushing plant, consisting of three pairs of edge-running mills and an eight horse-power gas engine. Above these were two warehouses of the same size, and the clerical offices. By the time a move became absolutely necessary the staff employed numbered 160 packers, and 120 men and boys working on the various processes of manufacture and preparation. Some 200 others were at this time also employed in the industry by outside firms working under contract with the company.

When it became necessary to leave New Market Street, it was decided to concentrate the whole industry under one roof, and the premises lately occupied by the Oredenda Seamless Tube Company at Ladywood on the banks of the Birmingham and Wolverhampton Canal were finally selected and purchased by the company.

Going from New Market Street to Ladywood was practically going from the past of the industry to its future, and it was not until I was able to contrast the very modest proportions of the old works with the imposing dimensions of the new that I was able to form any adequate idea of the immense development of the business.

The present home of the industry stands on just an acre of ground, and, as there are two floors, the working area is, of course, two acres in extent. This is apportioned among the various departments as follows:—

On the ground-floor are the mill and engine-rooms, 120 feet by 96 feet, in which are sixteen pairs of edge-running mills, made to special design, and driven by a 42 horse-power Otto gas-engine. The productive capacity of these mills is 250 tons a week. Behind these is the timber warehouse, 96 feet by 90 feet, and alongside are the crystallising shed, 140 feet by 42 feet, and a huge apartment to be devoted to the purposes of a new process of borax preparation with which the company will shortly astonish the trade and their customers. Behind this, again, is the private canal dock and wharf for import and export purposes.

The original six-foot bench has here expanded into accommodation for 400 packers, who find plenty of elbow-room in the 13,440 square feet of their particular portion of the works. All the other departments are on the same generous scale, and the two suites of offices are themselves almost as large as the whole of the old premises. In fact, if the girls' mess and recreation room were added to them, they would be just about twice as large.

Of course such an enormous development as these figures represent has not been attained without energetic and judicious representation to the public at home and abroad of the excellencies of the articles produced. To put the means adopted by the Company for securing publicity into figures, I may say that more than one hundred varieties of labels have been issued and registered, and that of these and wrappers, show-cards, hand-bills, and illustrated recipe-books, no fewer than 75,000,000 have been put out, at a cost of over £125,000 up to date. In a word, the Company has fully grasped the logic of the spider that spun its web with perfect confidence over the door of the tradesman who did not think it worth while to spend money in advertising. The Company have offices and depôts in London, Glasgow, Dublin, Sydney, and in other important centres, and their representatives number twenty-eight.

And now it is about time to say something on the subject of the material which forms the basis of all the various articles produced by the Company.

In the first place as to its chemical composition, the borax of commerce and domestic use is a bi-borate of soda—i.e., a compound of four atoms of boron with two of sodium and seven of oxygen, held together in the eight-sided crystals in which it naturally occurs by ten molecules of water of crystallisation. The three varieties of borate compounds most important from the commercial point of view are—tincal, a natural borax found in an impure state in the valleys of the Himalayan ranges; borate of lime, which occurs in the form of greasy crystal flakes in Turkey and the Americas; boric acid, which is deposited in scaly crystals from the "fume-holes" of the Italian and other volcanic centres; and the uniquely pure Californian variety of natural borax, of which this Company is the sole possessor.

The process of preparation for the market consists of a series of mixings, solutions, precipitations, re-solutions, and crystallisations which have to be constantly watched by the eye of the expert if high quality is to be the result. Up to now the process has been somewhat long and tedious, but the managing director of the Company has recently perfected and patented new processes which will reduce weeks to days and very considerably decrease the present cost of production.

The uses of borax are best described under the two divisions into which they naturally fall, the commercial and the domestic. In the former one of its early applications was the treatment of candle-wicks to ensure their complete combustion and render snuffing unnecessary. Borates are also used for glazing earthenware and all the various kinds of art pottery and china, for enamelling iron and other metals, in preparing the finer kinds of glass, and for fluxing and soldering the precious metals.

Its domestic uses, with which I am here chiefly concerned, date back to the early times of Egyptian civilisation, and depend entirely on its unequalled cleansing and preservative properties. As a cleanser, it not only loosens and brings away actual dirt, but it absolutely arrests the activity of the various agents of decay and putrefaction. The case of the dead horse of the Borate Valley was, after all, a mere modification of the far more ancient Egyptian mummy, in the embalming of which borax played a principal part, and the modern nurse who treats the infantile malady known as "white-mouth" or "thrush" with borax and honey is only copying the practice of the mothers of the time of Moses.

All the ancient civilised nations seemed to have used it for washing and sanitary purposes, and the appreciation of the Romans for it may be guessed from the lament of Pansa, the Controller of the gladiatorial arena in the time of Nero, that he had not funds enough to cover the scene of conflict with borax. In those days, and for very long after them, the scarcity of the compound was such that it was merely a luxury of the rich. Now, it is so cheap and plentiful, that it is both a luxury and a necessity to everybody.

I have already said that it is sent out by the Company in a great variety of forms. They are, in fact, almost as various as its uses. In the plain powder—the actual "Californian" borax pure and simple—it will soften water, keep milk sweet, remove taint, prevent meat from turning, preserve game, poultry, etc., kill bacilli and other insidious vermin, clean sponges, plate, crockery, glass, and all sorts of household ware, improve tea, and keep water sweet practically for ever. I saw some in Birmingham that had been in the same bottle since 1877, and it was as sweet as spring water.

For its most special uses, it is prepared in the form of soap, dry extract of soap, sweet home soap, and other qualities, also as tooth-powder, starch-glaze, and a dozen other shapes, each suited to one or more of its manifold uses.

This article would hardly be complete without some mention of the fact that this Californian form of borax has been proved to be the only disinfectant and deodoriser that is itself neutral to everything, save that which it is its unique function to destroy. Almost tasteless, quite odourless, and absolutely harmless, it seems to have been specially designed by Nature to be what it bids fair soon to become—the universal remover of dirt, the counter-agent of decay. Every other detergent and disinfectant yet discovered either smells, tastes, is corrosive, or more or less poisonous. Only borax—and the Californian variety best of all—does its work effectually, without in any way asserting its presence during the operation.

[Articles under the above general heading appear at intervals of about a month.]

A SHOWMAN exhibiting a picture, said: "Ladies and gentlemen, there is Daniel in the den of lions. These are the lions, and that is Daniel, whom you can easily distinguish from the lions by his having a blue cotton umbrella under his arm."

HUSBAND: "My dear, the air is very damp to-night. You'd better wear your furs."

WIFE: "I have them ready."

HUSBAND: "And tie your boa on closely. A little exposure often leads to sore throat, and sore throat leads to diphtheria, a most dangerous disease. Wear your thick rubbers, too, and good thick shoes, and warm gloves; and, my love, I think you'd better wear a warm veil. One can't be too careful when one's life insurance premium is in arrears, and yours is."

Cyclists must have their lamps alight at 8.21 p.m. on Monday, May 2nd, and two minutes later on every succeeding evening during the week.

£100 INSURANCE
FOR CYCLISTS.

In addition to our unique Railway Insurance offer of £1,000, we insure Cyclists, in the event of death from Cycling Accidents, to the extent of £100. The only condition required to secure this sum to whomsoever the Proprietors of PEARSON'S WEEKLY may decide to be the Next-of-kin of any Cyclist who meets with his or her death by an accident while actually riding, is that a copy of the current number of PEARSON'S WEEKLY, or this notice, should be on the person of the deceased at the time of the fatality. The usual signature in pen or pencil must occupy the line left blank at the foot of this notice. Notice of accident must be given within seven days to the Proprietors of the Paper, and death must occur within the same period from the accident.

Signature

Available until midnight, May 9th, 1892.

FACTS.

There are 300,000 commercial travellers in the United States.

Snails sleep upon land; they also do so floating upon their backs in the sea. This habit they mostly indulge in when the weather is fine and the sea calm.

It is not uncommon in Northumberland for a farmer to allow any of his labourers who wish for it the keep of a cow as part payment of wages, greatly to the benefit of their families.

A French savant likens the quickness of volition in an animal to the telegraph. When a whale is harpooned, he says, the nerve telegraphs to the creature's brain, "Harpoon in tail;" upon which the brain telegraphs back, "Jerk tail and upset boat."

There has almost always in English history been some one industry that was supposed to be king. In the middle ages it was the growth and export of raw wool; last century it was the woollen manufacture itself; early in this century and down to a very late date cotton was king; more lately, since the beginning of the railway and steamship era, it has been coal and iron.

AN ODD RELIC.—In a church on one of the Danish islands it was the custom of the men, on walking up to the altar and coming back again, to bow at a certain spot to the women sitting on one side of the aisle. No one could tell why. Last year it so happened that a layer of plaster was removed from the wall on the women's side, and a picture of the Virgin Mary was brought to light, which had evidently been the original cause of that reverential custom—a custom which was continued for a period of 400 years, long after its significance had been forgotten.

PARISIAN WATER FROM SWITZERLAND.—Parisians may soon be able to sit outside their cafés on the boulevards and drink their absinthe blended with water straight from a Swiss lake. This is quite on the cards, since a Swiss engineer has submitted a plan for supplying Paris with pure water from the Lake of Neuchâtel, at a cost of £20,000,000. The proposed aqueduct would be 312 miles in length, including a tunnel 22 miles long under the Jura mountains. The lake is 1,620 feet above the average of Parisian streets, and it is believed that power sufficient for all the industries of the French capital could be furnished, in addition to drinking water.

PICTORIAL LANGUAGE.—It is told of James Nasmyth, the famous engineer, that, when he was travelling in Sweden, where he knew not one word of the language, and where his English was as little understood, he used to order his dinner at the inn by drawing in his sketch-book whatever he wanted. For example, he would draw a table covered with a cloth, and a cooked fowl, smoking hot, upon it, with vegetables, bread, cheese, salt, and anything else a pressing appetite might suggest as desirable. When the order was completed, the traveller indicated the hour when he wished his dinner served by drawing a clock with the hands pointing to the hour, and the whole thing was plain at a glance. In like manner he used to order a horse and carriage as he had occasion, and he was always understood.

COLOUR OF WATER.—It is now admitted that the inherent hue of water is blue. Even distilled water has been proved to be almost exactly of the same tint as a solution of Prussian blue. This is corroborated by the fact that the purer the water is in nature the bluer is its hue. But though the selective absorption of the water determines its blueness, it is the dust-particles suspended in it which determine its brilliancy. If the water of the Mediterranean be taken from different places and examined by means of a concentrated beam of light, it is seen to hold in suspension millions of dust-particles of different kinds. To this fine dust it owes its beautiful, brilliant, and varied colouring. When there are few particles there is little light reflected, and the colour of the water is deep blue; but when there are many particles more light is reflected, and the colour is chalky blue-green. Along its shores the Mediterranean washes the rocks and rubs off the minute solid particles, which make the water beautifully brilliant.

THE CHINESE "COMP." AND "SUB."—To see a Chinese compositor "setting up" is a sight. His case flanks him on three sides, and slopes from the ground to a height of about five feet. The type boxes number hundreds, and even then he has to have recourse to a type-cutter every now and then for some character in the manuscript which he has not in his case, and which must be cut for him. The Chinese type-cutter is usually a surprisingly expert artificer. The business of a Chinese sub-editor is rendered more lively by the fact that each word in Chinese is a unit in itself, and not made up of letters. His work comprises altering the vocabulary so as to suit his supply of ready-made characters as much as possible; and this is no easy matter when it is considered that the papers try generally to follow the high-flown style of the classics, and the writers strive to display their knowledge very often by the use of words of "learned length and thundering sound," much to the disgust of the pig-tailed "sub," who ruthlessly substitutes more every-day language in the place of the studied elegancies of the leader-writers.

The value of the oysters consumed in London yearly is about £600,000.

It is computed that no less than £15,000,000 are annually spent on Sunday drinking alone in the United Kingdom.

BURGLAR-PROOF glass has been invented by a Dresden manufacturer. It is made by pouring molten glass over a network of steel wire. It is especially adapted for skylights and jewellers' windows.

It is said that some of the Venetians—those who have never been to the mainland—have never seen a horse in all their lives. A showman once brought one to a fair and called it a monster, and the factory hands paid 6d. each to see the marvellous —

In Melbourne no Sunday papers are permitted, no hotels are allowed to open their bar doors from midnight on Saturday until Monday morning, and anyone driving past a place of worship at a faster pace than a walk while service is in progress is liable to be stopped and summoned by the policeman on duty.

The Japanese, like the Chinese, are subject to a peculiar disease called kakke, in which the patient is the victim of an increasing lethargy and weakness, and a slow degeneration of the nervous system. It is said to be due to eating rice, which is the staple food of the country, and can be ameliorated, if not cured, by a change of diet.

About one-third of the importations of oranges into this country are unloaded at London Bridge, and of that quantity it is said that quite one-fourth reaches the public from the costermongers' wheelbarrows. The costermonger is often able to sell choice fruit at one-third the price that is charged in the shops. When there is a glut in the market, he takes the fullest advantage of it, and he will often obtain a chest or two at a price which will enable him to realise cent. per cent. upon his investment.

THE OWL'S EYES.—The owl's eyes are marvels of design, constructed so as to make the most of the very feeblest glimmering of light. Round the eye of every bird there is a joined, bony ring, which may be of use in altering the focus of the lens during rapid flight, and which is particularly well developed in birds which chase their prey on the wing or under water—such as the eagle and the penguin. In no other case is this sclerotic ring so well developed as in the owl, whose great eyes are enclosed in a bony frame exactly like a watchmaker's eye-glass, except that it consists of a number of plates instead of being in one piece.

EXPENSIVE RAILWAY CARRIAGES.—An English railway carriage company are building for an Indian potentate three superb railway carriages, which will constitute a palace on wheels. In the framework of each carriage is to be used £40 worth of teak to resist the ravages of insects. The suite of carriages includes day and night apartments for the Prince and his retinue, and also a cuisine department, the latter having facilities to carry two tons of water and two tons of ice. Each coach is estimated to cost £3,000, being superbly fitted up and upholstered, the mirrors alone in one costing £40. The coaches are illuminated by the electric light throughout, at a cost of about £200 for each coach.

THE USE OF DUST.—Careful investigations have shown that even the clearest air contains an astonishing amount of dust, while, as everybody can see at a glance, the atmosphere in and near cities is filled with microscopic floating particles that frequently rob it of much of its transparency; but while perfectly clear air seems a thing earnestly to be desired, yet, but for the dust in the air, we should probably find existence far more trying than it is now. The dust particles being absent, the atmospheric moisture would condense upon the trees, the grass, the ground, upon our clothes and faces, upon the walls, floors and ceilings of houses inside and out, so that during such times as the air is charged with an unusual amount of humidity, we should be covered and surrounded on all sides with streams of moisture. That would probably be the form in which we should get rain, instead of having it fall in showers from the sky as it now does.

THE RAT'S WEAPONS.—The rat is remarkably well equipped for the peculiar life he is ordained to lead. He has strong weapons in the shape of four long and very sharp teeth—two in the upper jaw, and two in the lower. These teeth are wedge-shaped, and by a wonderful provision of Nature have always a fine, sharp, cutting edge. On examining them carefully, the inner part is found to be of a soft, ivory-like composition, which can easily be worn away, and the outside is composed of a glass-like enamel, which is exceedingly hard. The upper teeth work into the under so that the centres of the opposed teeth meet perfectly in the act of gnawing; hence the soft part is being continually worn away, while the hard part keeps a sharp, chisel-like edge all the time, and at the same time the teeth are constantly growing up from the bottom, so that as they wear away a fresh supply is ready. Should one of these teeth be removed by accident or otherwise, the opposing tooth will continue to grow, and there being nothing to wear it away it will project from the mouth and be turned upon itself, and if it be an under tooth it will often grow so long as to penetrate the skull.

In South America there is a beetle over a foot long, legs and all.

In Burmah it is rather a suspicious thing to give money for a charitable object. It is supposed to mean that the donor has been very wicked, and is desirous to make amends.

The Chinese are ahead of the world in the preparation of roast pork for the table. After it has come out of the oven, it is hung in the smoke of various aromatic herbs, which gives it a delicious flavour and robs it of the porky taste which is offensive to some palates.

An important article of trade in Morocco is loaf-sugar, which is in general demand for presents. Every person approaching a superior whose favour or goodwill it is desired to propitiate is bound to bring a gift. He cannot appear empty-handed, and the form that is most commonly taken by the gift is loaf-sugar.

In Belgium, and in the neighbourhood of Liège especially, cock-crowing competitions are very popular among the working-classes. The cocks are ranged in cases, and markers note the number of crows. The chanticleer who has sounded his shrill clarion the most times in an hour carries off the prize. In a competition recently held at Poulscur a cock gave voice 134 times.

LORD DUFFERIN is the eighth Ambassador to represent Great Britain in France since the restoration of the Bourbons, whereas France has had no fewer than thirty-eight representatives at the English Court in the same lapse of time. The Embassy in Paris, No. 39, Faubourg St. Honoré, was bought by the Duke of Wellington from the Princess Pauline Borghese for £24,000, and is now said to be worth £160,000.

A FOOLHARDY FEAT.—The prevalent mania for performing insane feats of endurance appears to have "caught on" in India, with results that might have been anticipated. With an ardent desire for fame, and with stupid originality, a Mohammedan made a wager with a co-religionist that he would stand gazing at the Indian sun for ten hours on end. On the appointed day, at eight o'clock in the morning, the aspirant to immortality took up his position face to face with the sun-god. As the hours went by a vast crowd of excited sportsmen surrounded the man, and eagerly looked on while he was suffering visible defeat. At three o'clock he fell in a fit, beaten by three hours, and very shortly afterward he died.

A "CONGESTED" ROOKERY.—During last winter, most of the trees in the Cathedral Close at Hereford were cut down, or destroyed by hard weather, and, in consequence, the rooks are this season looking in vain for the place of their ancestral homes. Only a few have been lucky enough to secure "eligible building sites," and the rest were often seen last month, sitting in disconsolate pairs, envying the others, or flying round, picking and stealing, and using the bad language of their kind. Later on, they came to the conclusion that the district was too congested for comfortable occupation, and migrated to other woods and branches new. This seems to show that even the most conservative of birds has become imbued with the utilitarian spirit of the age. According to all accounts, a rook of the good old times would have wandered the earth nestless till it dropped, rather than build and breed elsewhere than in its own rookery.

MISSING WORD COMPETITION NO. XXII.

On the second column of this page is a paragraph about a horse in Venice. The last word in it is omitted. Readers who wish to enter this competition must cut out the coupon, fill in this word, together with their names and addresses, and send it, with a postal order for one shilling, to reach us at latest by first post on Monday, May 9th, the envelope marked "WORD."

The correct word is in the hands of Messrs. Slade, Lewis and Slade, Chartered Accountants, Wardrobe Chambers, Queen Victoria Street, London, E.C., enclosed in an envelope sealed with our seal. Their statement with regard to it will appear, with the result of the competition, in our issue for the week after next.

The whole of the money received in entrance fees will be divided amongst those competitors who fill in the word correctly.

It is hoped that competitions will be posted to Temple Chambers, E.C., as early in the week as possible. Members of the same family may compete if they like, and anyone may send as many attempts as they choose, provided that each is accompanied by a postal order and a separate coupon.

M. W. C. No. 22.

Word.....

Name.....

Address.....

FICTION.

COVILLE CONVALESCES.—Since an unfortunate accident to Mr. Coville while out shooting, he has been obliged to keep pretty close to the house. Last Wednesday he was out in the yard for the first time, and on Friday Mrs. Coville got him an easy chair, which proved a great comfort to him. It is one of those chairs that can be moved by the occupant to form almost any position by means of ratchets.

Mr. Coville was very much pleased with this new contrivance and, the first afternoon did nothing but sit in it and work it all ways. He said such a chair as that in the world did more good than a hundred sermons.

He had it in his room—the front bedroom up-stairs; and there he would sit and look out of the window, and enjoy himself as much as a man can whose legs have been ventilated with shot. On Monday afternoon he got in the chair as usual. Mrs. Coville was out in the back-yard hanging up clothes, and his son was across the street drawing a stick along a paling.

Sitting down, Mr. Coville grasped the sides of the chair with both hands to settle it back, when the whole thing gave way, and he came violently to the floor. For an instant the unfortunate gentleman was benumbed by the suddenness of the shock; but the next, he was aroused by an acute pain in each arm, and he found that the little finger of each hand had caught in the ratchets, and was as firmly held as if in a vice.

There he lay on his back, with the end of a round sticking in his side, and both hands perfectly powerless. The least move of his body aggravated the pain, which was chasing up his arms. He screamed for help; but Mrs. Coville was in the back-yard, telling Mrs. Coney, next door, that she didn't know what Coville would do without that chair; and so she didn't hear him.

He pounded the floor with his stockinged feet; but the younger Coville was still drawing emotion from that paling across the way, and all other sounds were rapidly sinking into insignificance. Besides, Mr. Coville's legs were not sufficiently recovered from his late accident to permit of their being profitably used as mallets. How he did despise that offspring! and how fervently he did wish the owner of the fence would light on the boy, and reduce him to powder!

Then he screamed again, and howled, and shouted "Maria!" but there was no response. What if he should die there alone, in that awful shape? The pain in his arms assumed an awful magnitude. Again he shrieked "Maria," but the sound, across the way only grew in volume; the unconscious wife had gone into Mrs. Coney's and was trying on that lady's redingote.

Then he howled and coughed, and howled again, and screamed at the top of his voice the awfullest things he would do to that boy, if heaven would only spare him, and show him an axe. Then he opened his mouth for one final shriek, when the door opened and Mrs. Coville appeared with a smile on her face and Mrs. Coney's redingote on her back. At one glance she saw that something awful had happened to Joseph; and, with wonderful presence of mind, she screamed for help, and then fainted away, and pitched headlong into the lower regions of his waistcoat.

Fortunately, the blow deprived him of speech, else he might have said something that he would ever have regretted; and, before he could regain his senses, Mrs. Coney dashed in and removed the grief-stricken wife. But it required a blacksmith to cut Coville loose.

He is again back in bed, with his mutilated fingers resting on pillows; and there he lies all day, concocting new forms of death for the inventor of that chair, and hoping nothing will happen to his son until he can get well enough to administer it himself.

THAT AWFUL BOY.—A family in our village of some pretensions had a party of five to tea on Thursday evening. The table was set out in fine style, as the company were from London, and it was absolutely necessary to show them that folks may live in a village, and yet understand the requirements of good society. When they were all at the table, the little boy pulled his mother secretly by the dress. But she was too busy to notice. He pulled her again; but, receiving no response, he whispered—

"Ma, ma."

"What is it?"

"Isn't this one of Miss Perry's knives?" holding up the article in his hand, and looking, as he properly should, very much gratified by such an evidence of his discernment.

She made no reply in words; but gave him a look that was calculated to annihilate him. The tea was dished out and the party were buttering their toast, when the youth suddenly whispered again, looking at his plate with a pleased expression—

"Why, ma, my plate is different from the others."

"Thomas!" she ejaculated under her breath.

"Why, it is, ma," persisted Thomas. "Now, just look here; this plate has—"

"Thomas," again ejaculated his mother with crimsoned face, while his father assumed a frown nearly an inch thick, "if you don't let your vivacious stop your mouth I'll send you away from the table."

This quieted Thomas at once. He was not a very particular boy; and he concluded that the difference in the plates was not of such moment as to admit of tedious argument at this time.

Several minutes passed without any further interruption. The young man industriously attended to his food, but at the same time kept a close eye on what was going on round him. He was lifting up his cup for a sip, when his glance unfortunately fell upon the saucer. It was but a glance; but, with the keenness of a young eye, he saw that the two were not originally designed for each other.

"Why, ma," he eagerly whispered, "this cup doesn't belong to—"

Then suddenly he stopped. The expression of his mother's face actually rendered him speechless, and for a moment he applied himself to his meal in depressed silence. But he was young and of an elastic temper, and he soon recovered his beaming expression. A little later, he observed a lady opposite putting a spoonful of preserved ginger into her mouth; then he twitched his mother's dress, and said again—

"Ma!"

The unhappy woman shivered at the sound; but his remark, this time, appeared to be on an entirely different subject, as he asked—

"Isn't Miss Walker a funny woman?"

"Funny," said his mother with a sigh of relief. And then turning to the company with the explanation, "Miss Walker is an old lady, who lives across the way," she smiled on her hopeful son, and asked, "what makes you think she is funny?"

"Why, you know—you know," began Thomas, in that rapid moist way which an only son assumes when he is imparting information before company, in response to a cordial invitation, "when I went over this afternoon to get the spoons, she said she hoped the company wouldn't bite 'em, as it would dent—"

"Thomas!" shrieked the unhappy mother, as soon as she could break in.

"Young man," gasped the father, "leave this table at once."

And Thomas left at once. His father subsequently followed him, and the two met in a back room; and, had both been flying express trains coming together, there could scarcely have been more noise about it.

THE RAILWAY STATION SANDWICH.

I DWELL in haunts of hurried men

And have for many ages,

Before the railways were, and when

The public rode in stages.

I can't remember whence I came,

And o'en the oldest liar

Can not a date so distant name,

But I can name one prior.

While time shall last I'll still be so,

Naught can destroy me never,

For trains may come and trains may go,

But I'll stay here for ever.

Oh, many scores of men I've seen

Come smilingly to greet me,

And mutter something low and mean

Because they couldn't eat me.

They tried to cut me with a dirk,

In coffee tried to drown me;

But all their schemes have failed to work.

I'm still just as they found me.

And when they're gone I'll yet be so,

They can destroy me never,

For hungry men may come and go,

But I'll stay here for ever.

Sometimes it makes me sad to see

The aged men and the toothless,

Put up their hard-earned cash for me,

Because I know I'm useless.

But when smart "chappies" happen by

It really does delight me

To do my level best and try

To have the goalings bite me.

For well I know they stand no show,

They can affect me never,

For young and old may come and go,

But I'll stay here for ever.

Thus do I labour on, and so

I'll keep it up for ever,

For sound teeth come, and false teeth go,

But I'll stay here for ever.

"This is a forget-me-knot," remarked Jenkins, as he looked at the string on his finger, and wondered why his wife had tied it there.

DURING a trial for assault in Arkansas, a club, a rule, an axe-handle, a knife, and a gun were exhibited as the instruments with which the deed was done. It was also asserted that the man defended himself with a revolver, a scythe, a pitchfork, a chisel, a hand-saw, and a dog. The jury unanimously decided that they would have given a dollar apiece to have seen such a "bully fight."

"I WANT a hair cut," said the middle-aged man, as he dropped into a barber's chair.

"Yes, sir," was the answer. "Which one?"

WIFE (who wants him to buy it): "I saw such a duck of a bonnet to-day."

Husband (not to be caught): "Yes, and like other ducks, it has got a pretty big bill to it, I suppose."

A GENTLEMAN who does the dramatic criticism for a paper was speaking in great disparagement of a recent amateur performance, and inveighing particularly against one unfortunate.

"It is not only," said Aristarchus, "that he can't act, but he has such a leg as never was seen."

"Then, what sort of a leg has he?"

"Why—why" (after a long pause), "such a leg as you'd clean a flute with!"

AN amusing incident has occurred at one of the large new London hotels. One of the scullery-maids, Bridget Maloney, in writing to her friends in Ireland, used the hotel letter-paper. The surprise of the manager may be imagined on finding a letter one morning addressed "Bridget Maloney, care—Hotel. All modern improvements—lift. Tariff on application, terms moderate, London, England." It was evident Bridget's Irish friend was determined the letter should not miscarry for want of full directions.

A TOURIST in Ireland was talking to a man who was breaking stones on the roadside, when a carriage drove by.

"Who's in that carriage?" inquired the tourist.

"Ah, shure that's the jidge; an' I'm tould he gits a pound a day for being that same!"

"I should say he gets a great deal more," remarked the tourist.

"Ah, don't believe it, yer honour! I don't believe he gets a pound a day itself; for many's the toim I sees him passin' the road here, an' I never seed him drunk wansht."

On their arrival at New Zealand, a party of English people drank the health of the vessel which had brought them safely to their destination. One of the gentlemen who was asked to join in this ceremony replied—

"No; I'm a teetotaler, but I'll willingly drink success to the ship in the liquor she floats in."

A friend disappeared and returned with a glass of water. After a complimentary apostrophe to the ship, the recipient tossed the water off at once, but immediately spluttered—

"Ugh—ah—oh—this is—oh—what is this?"

"That?" said his friend. "Why, you've drunk success to our noble ship in the identical liquor she floats in."

It is said that during the score of years in which the jockey, Fordham, had Mr. Bowes for a master he saw him only once, and that the meeting came about in this wise. Ascot had attracted its customary team of the White-wall horses, and Fordham was saddling one of the northern nags in the paddock. A grey-haired stranger watched the proceedings with what the jockey thought was a greater degree of interest than a casual looker-on was entitled to show, so that by degrees the usually amiable countenance of "Old George" assumed a decidedly surly expression. At length the stranger ventured to ask a question. "Would the jockey be so good as to tell him the name of the horse he was saddling?"

"What the dickens have you to do with it?" burst out the irritated rider. "Who the hangment are you?"

"Well," apologetically replied the grey-haired gentleman, "I think I am the owner of that animal. My name is John Bowes."

The following is the name and address of the winner in the Ninth Competition offered, through us, by the GARNIER ENAMELLED LETTER AND ADVERTISING SIGN COMPANY, LIMITED, of 61, Farringdon Road, London, E.C., which was for Newsagents:—

Mr. W. H. Coombs,
Newsagent,
Bridgwater.

COMMERCIAL AND FANCY STATIONER	NEWSAGENT NEWSPAPERS DELIVERED PROMPTLY — REGULARLY — MAGAZINES SUPPLIED—ON ORDER	ARTISTIC AND GENERAL PRINTER
THE TRADE SUPPLIED.		ESTIMATES FREE

HOLIDAY HAUNTS.—2.

The following seems to us the best article to hand this week:—The sender,

MR. FRED. H. WARREN,
Innisfallen,
Thornlaw Road,
West Norwood,

has therefore been forwarded a cheque for Two Guineas.

IN THE HEART OF THE BLACK FOREST.

Who has not heard of the Black Forest—the mysterious Schwarzwald, with its hundred legends of gnomes and kobolds, of Nix the goblin, and his crew of little red men, who change children in their cradles, or divulge to hard-up individuals treasure buried under a mossy boulder or in a rocky cavern? This spook-haunted locality, until the railway came and pierced the heart of it, was practically unknown to visitors from England; but it has now become possible to reach Triberg, the centre of the most picturesque part of the forest, in about twenty hours from London, via Ostend and Strassburg; and a more enjoyable place for a tired man to spend a holiday in it would be hard to discover within a similar distance.

On leaving Strassburg the Rhine is crossed by the bridge of Kohl (blown up at the commencement of the Franco-German War), and the line makes eastward, straight for the range of dark wooded mountains, or rather lofty hills, which constitutes the "Forest." Soon we strike into a valley down which flows one of the many streams which herabout go to swell the Rhine; and, ascending all the time, the railway goes through a perfect series of contortions, winding up through cork-screw tunnels, running on viaducts suspended high in air over deep valleys with sides screened by a dense growth of forest trees, and generally inducing our profound admiration of the wonderful engineering skill displayed in its construction.

The village of Triberg is our destination. This quaint little hamlet of clean wooden and lath-and-plaster houses (it was rebuilt in 1826 after a fire) stands in a narrow-wooded valley at the foot of the prettiest waterfall in Germany.

We landed there early on a fine summer morning, when the cool and exhilarating air, at a height of nearly 3,000 feet above sea-level, and fragrant with the scent of the leafy woods, was a perfect restorative to a weary brain, whilst the absence of any disturbing wind, owing to the sheltered position of the place, gave a delightful feeling of restfulness and calm.

After a long drive up hill, with lovely views over the valley as we mounted the steep road, we came out into a kind of clearing in the forest; and here stood our modest inn. In front of the building was a stretch of grass, with clumps of hawthorn dotted over it; whilst farther away was the edge of the forest itself, with numerous bypaths, shady nooks, and green glades. Close by, a little brook splashed along on its way to the cascade, the fall beginning just below our inn. Down in the village were several much larger hostleries, but the quiet and seclusion of this one were perfectly delightful, whilst its cheapness and the unspoiled disposition of its landlady formed the subject of continual congratulation.

We had only to cross the glade in front, plunge into the depths of the forest, and throw ourselves down anywhere on the soft carpet of grass or dry, odorous pine needles, and dream the careless day away; or, when we felt like it, we could descend the winding paths by the waterfall and admire that delightful composition of nature from various points of view. This cascade falls in many leaps down a hillside in the forest among a chaos of mossy boulders covered with ferns and creeping plants, and it is spanned by rustic bridges at intervals.

Down in the village, the shops are full of woodcarving (very well done here, and much superior to the Swiss woodwork), toys, lace, cuckoo-clocks, with variegated kerchiefs, and other finery; and the shopkeepers display such a personal friendship for their customers that it is really a pleasure to enter their houses, even if you only buy a sixpenny cork with a little carved Rumpelstiltskin on the top of it.

Then you can wander away into the forest again, and pick wild strawberries and raspberries—which are plentiful—together with nuts and blackberries, each in their due season. For those who love ferns, the temptation to cast off sloth and go digging for them all the time is almost irresistible. No sooner have you secured a fine specimen than you discover another variety even more charming, and there is no end to this kind of thing except the welcome diversion created by the regularity of dinner-time (which falls in the middle of the day, according to the custom of the German), or the setting of the sun which closes another day of ideal life in the open air.

After exploring the valleys near Triberg, there are numerous other excursions for the energetic being who longs for more worlds to conquer. You may walk, you may drive in twenty different directions. One happy thought is to take the rail up to the first station out of Triberg. You come out, after a climb in the train, at a point high above your starting point, which looks like a

toy Swiss village in its valley far below; and you may then drive or tramp home again with little fatigue, the way being all downhill.

One of the head waters of the Danube, the Brigach, rises close by, and you may trace its course to Donaueschingen, where another source of the famous river rises in a spring in the fine old chateau of the princes of Fürstenberg. Then farther away is the celebrated Hohenstaufen, a rocky defile with towering crags clothed with trees everywhere. The enemy of mankind, it is popularly reported, sometimes takes his seat up above there, and pleasantly rolls down a big stone just to remind passers-by of his existence. Needless to say, this usually happens in the early spring, just when the frosts have loosened the overhanging boulders.

The cost of a return ticket from London to Triberg is well within a £5 note, whilst board and lodging can be had at most inns at from 4s. to 5s. a day.

THE CHRISTIANITY OF A CHRISTIAN PAPER.

EVERY ONE of my readers is probably by this time aware that under the name of the FRESH AIR FUND I am endeavouring to raise as much money as possible for the purpose of giving during the coming summer some thousands of the poorest children in London a day in the country, with the accompaniment of plenty of good food. Being desirous of making this scheme—which I believe to be the first of its kind undertaken on a large scale by a British periodical—a success, I took the not-out-of-the-way course of forwarding a reprint of the preliminary notice which appeared in *Pearson's Weekly* to the editors of a number of other journals in the hope that they would be in sympathy, accompanying it by the following note:—

DEAR SIR,—I enclose you a pull of an article that appears in the current number of *Pearson's Weekly*, and sincerely trust that you may be able to find a corner for a brief allusion to the FRESH AIR FUND. On the other side of the Atlantic editors are very good in helping one another to carry schemes of this kind to a successful issue, and if you could make a brief allusion to this idea, I am sure that hundreds of children in real need of fresh air would have cause to thank you for a happy day in the country.—Yours faithfully, C. ARTHUR PEARSON.

I am happy to say that a great number of newspaper proprietors and editors have been generous enough to assist the FRESH AIR FUND by giving it a notice. Among those who have done so is the editor of the CHRISTIAN COMMONWEALTH, and here is a reprint of the remarks which appeared in the issue of that paper for April 14th:—

RIDING CHARITY FOR PERSONAL GAIN.

There is nothing the devil delights in more than to get possession of the noblest things belonging to Christianity. True charity is heaven-born, and there is nothing that distinguishes the Christian religion more than the inspiration which it gives to help the poor and needy. The devil knows that very well, and he has made good use of his knowledge. He presses the angel of charity into his evil service. The way he manages this is by getting up charity schemes, ostensibly for the benefit of the suffering and needy, and then making these schemes subserve the selfish purposes of those who inaugurate them. It is impossible not to see this selfish element in many of the charitable proposals with which the country is flooded. Even newspapers are working these schemes for the purpose of advertising themselves. They send to other papers with the hope of getting free advertisements of their journals because the object they have ostensibly in view is one which, if unselfishly associated, would appeal to all right-thinking people. We have no sympathy whatever with these journalistic devices, and feel it our duty to warn our readers against them. We shall be delighted to co-operate with any or every undertaking to ameliorate the condition of the poor when we are convinced that this is the object which is really aimed at, and that the result will be for the benefit of the poor. But when societies, excursions, or other enterprises are started mainly for the benefit of those who inaugurate them, we are bound to say that we cannot be a party to the furtherance of any such selfishness. The fact is, charity has been too long a jaded steed under the weight of selfish men who are disposed to ride it to death for their own gain.

That, although no names are mentioned, these remarks are intended to apply to the FRESH AIR FUND may, I think, be fairly assumed from the fact that a marked copy of the paper was posted to me from the office of the CHRISTIAN COMMONWEALTH.

Neither *Pearson's Weekly* or the wickedly charitable scheme into which it is trying to drag its comparatively innocent readers are especially mentioned. When the low-class religious journalist—the man who is crying at his loudest "Lord, Lord," and most assiduously doing not the things which he said, in pursuit of that mock-religious journalism which is the most insolently transparent compromise between the alternatives of serving God or Mammon—that latter-day humbug has yet managed to evolve—when this man wants to stick his poisoned goosequill into anyone who has excited his spleen, he waits round a corner and prods him from behind.

Sometimes when the public eye is getting unprofitably averted, he will willingly put himself in the way of a conspicuous kicking in order that he may be elevated by the boot of the offended one into a temporary notoriety which, however evil, is yet to be preferred to his native obscurity. I believe that this is the case in the present

instance, and under the circumstances am quite willing to return good for evil.

The devil in the garb of the angel of charity is no doubt a very terrible foe to Christianity but scarcely so deadly, I venture to say, as the devils of envy, hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness which seem to have taken pretty complete possession of the editor of this very Christian journal. The Teacher, whose teachings the CHRISTIAN COMMONWEALTH professes to follow, laid down as one of his most solemn behests to His followers that they were to "Feed My Lambs." Whether the editor of the CHRISTIAN COMMONWEALTH thinks that he is carrying out this Divine command by using the influence exerted by his paper in such a fashion as in this case, may perhaps be best left for himself to decide.

If he had been present at St. Augustine's Parish Room, Stepney, on a certain occasion last Christmas-tide, and witnessed the profound pleasure which my readers, by their generous subscriptions, gave to two thousand East End children, he would, I expect, be willing to at all events admit that "Charity covereth a multitude of sins." However heinous may be the crime and boundless the audacity which a paper not professing to be "Christian" displays in endeavouring to show journals which do pretend to follow the teachings of Christianity one way, at all events, in which they may do this, some good may result from such a course. On the very same page as contains the article I quote above from the CHRISTIAN COMMONWEALTH is another called CONQUERING IN DEATH, in which allusion is made to the words spoken by Christ to the sorrowing women who followed Him to Calvary, "Weep not for me, but weep for yourselves and for your children." Possibly the editor of the CHRISTIAN COMMONWEALTH attaches rather too literal a meaning to this text, and wishes to so arrange matters that the need of lamentation for the woes of the neglected children of London may become even more pronounced than it is to-day.

I believe that there is scarcely a paper in the country which at some time or another has not inaugurated and carried out a charitable scheme. Are all these efforts to alleviate misery to be classed as dangerous, and derided simply because periodicals have ventured to connect their names with them?

Charity, as I have been accustomed to regard it, is to all intents and purposes true religion in action, but there is an enormous difference between this and the so-called religion vamped up by the penny-a-lining sermon-spinner to retail in pennyworths to the poor in spirit, and to carry the advertisements, without the aid of which not even the mock-religious newspaper can send round the pseudo-theological hash which forms its literary stock-in-trade.

True charity is, before all things, consistent, and therefore no one will be surprised to find on the next column to that which contains the railing of the angered scribe of THE CHRISTIAN COMMONWEALTH the following excellent injunction, also endowed with the dubious merit of the editorial sanction:—

Now there ought not to be any antagonism between soul-saving and body-saving. Christianity is evidently intended for the whole man—body, soul, and spirit; and any view which does not comprehend this whole man is not commensurate with the religion of Christ.

Just so. Wherever this exposition was stolen from it is good religion and good sense. Truth would still be true though shrieked from the lips of a maniac, and sense is still sense even though it be lifted into the columns of the CHRISTIAN COMMONWEALTH.

The object of the FRESH AIR FUND is simply to do half of what is here justly called Christian practice. I am not qualified for the cure of souls, but I have eyes that can see where good wants doing, and I am pretty solidly convinced that He who loved little children and bade no man forbid them to come unto Him will not be displeased by the fact that I have some hundreds of thousands of readers in touch with this office, many of whom are able and willing to cast a ray of light over the dark lot of the children who might the more easily come to Him were those who profess and call themselves Christians a little more ardent about the end and a good deal less hypercritical about the means.

Let it be granted that good would come to this paper through the success of the FRESH AIR FUND, and suppose that I had even pleaded guilty to the dark impeachment that I had this base idea in my mind when the scheme was launched. Ought I, therefore, to have abandoned it because there was a risk of the fount of pure charity being contaminated by the admixture of the Mammon of unrighteousness? Just as well might the proprietors of the CHRISTIAN COMMONWEALTH darken the literary and religious firmament by quenching their theological rushlight because some odd week or other the advertising and sales accounts showed a profit of two or three pounds.

The charity of the CHRISTIAN COMMONWEALTH is the mood of the dog in the manger, and it is a characteristic which its editor seems to possess in common with those who believe that all the charitable work of the world and the wages and profit thereof should be considered the peculiar monopoly of the professional philanthropist and the licensed trader in texts and cheap sentiment.

Such people are themselves the best and most instructive proof of how "charity" like this would freeze the springs of kindness at their source and turn whole rivers of well-doing aside from the wilderness of suffering on to the desert of selfishness.

SLAVES OF TO-DAY—7.

THE TEACHERS OF YOUTH.

As it is the purpose of this series of articles to deal as completely as possible with their general subject, and as it is not desirable to confine the reader's attention too long to that form of modern commercial slavery which appeals to sympathy by exciting the horror of the enquirer by its piteous exhibition of suffering and dumb endurance, I propose now to leave for awhile the insensate workshop and the sweater's den and to pay a visit to another portion of the field of labour in which the external conditions at least are very different.

Just as there are forms of suffering which are seen by few, if any, save the sufferer, so there are forms of commercial slavery in which the shackles are invisible to the public eye, and no outward sign of tangible misery appeals to the public heart; and of these one of the least known, and yet most worthy to be made known, is the lot of the teachers of youth in the lower ranks of the great scholastic profession.

These said ranks include at the present day many thousands of well-dressed and decently-fed Englishmen and Englishwomen, who year after year keep up a ceaseless struggle to preserve intact the mask of outward appearance which hides the dismal reality of their miserable lot from the gaze of the world.

Teaching is a "genteel" profession, and therefore those who teach must keep up its character at any price so long as only they themselves have to pay it, and it is to this fact that the slavery of the second and third rate teacher of youth owes its chief bitterness. To the slave of the workshop or the nail-forge they appear as a portion of the favoured of the earth, for these toil and suffer mostly as the beasts of the field, to whom nothing better than their hopeless fate is clearly known or more than dimly guessed at.

And yet, were all the circumstances known, there would not be very much, perhaps, to choose between the half-starved nailers of the slums and the well-dressed, fairly educated, and genteel slaves of the schoolroom.

These intellectual hewers of wood and drawers of water divide themselves naturally into three classes, from each of which I will take a type which shall be a faithful average representative of the whole. Any number of originals corresponding sufficiently closely to the types may be easily discovered by simply taking up the right kind of educational paper and answering one or two of the "want places" advertisements.

Brain labour of this kind is in these days of the higher education of women extremely plentiful, and, therefore, extremely cheap. It is governed by exactly the same laws of supply and demand that control the labour market in the nail-forges of the Black Country and the sweating-dens of the great English towns. There are more educated men and women wanting to teach than there are schools and families to teach in, and consequently they underbid each other for the vacancies, just as shirt-makers and fur-stitchers do, until the bare life-minimum of salary is reached and sometimes passed. The struggle for existence is every whit as keen here as there, and the penalties of failure are no jot or tittle lighter, if indeed they are not in some of the worst cases a trifle heavier.

If Mrs. Midas, of Brixton Hill, wants a governess for her children, she can go to an agency and get an educated woman who has spent years of hard work, during which she has not earned a sovereign, in learning the essentials of her miserable trade, and who will be glad to teach them anything from the multiplication table to the theory of music for 10s. a week, or even less. Probably she will get her dinner thrown in, in exchange for tuition on the etiquette of the dinner table, and this will be worth perhaps 5s. a week to her.

The professional brother and sister of the underpaid visiting governess are the under-master and mistress of the cheap academy, a mostly fraudulent establishment designed for the reception of children whose parents are too poor to send them to good schools, and too socially elevated to patronise the higher-grade Board Schools.

The lot of the male or female usher in the cheap academy owes its chief terrors to the fact that he or she is usually hopelessly incompetent to do the work as it should be done. It has been truly said that there is no calling so elevated in theory and so sordid in practice as that of the teacher. The reason is that only a man or woman to the manner born can really teach. To these teaching is delightful, for they love the work and so can make their pupils love it too. But the average teacher, so-called, teaches not from choice, but from necessity, and his employer retains his services not because they are good, but because they are cheap.

The consequence of this purely commercial arrangement is that the lower-class teacher, the drudge of the profession, and usually the slave of a narrow-minded and pedantic prig, remains all his life struggling with a task of which he has never been able to master the rudiments, and which is therefore mental gall and wormwood to him all his days, until, perhaps, a rare and happy chance opens a door to some more congenial calling, or more probably he seeks in drink a refuge from the despair of advancing age, which in nine cases out of ten means to him not promotion, but reduction to the lowest rung of the ladder up which he has painfully climbed such a very few steps in such a very long time.

In the case of women the outlook is even more hopelessly dreary than it is for men. The female teacher is worse paid and, as a rule, worse treated than the under-master, for her chances of escape from the thralldom are even more slender than his, and her power of resisting oppression are less. What becomes of her when she is "past her work" is one of those social problems which it is almost impossible to solve for the reason that genteel poverty suffers long and is silent.

The third class of these slaves of the schoolroom is represented by the drudge of the Board School, or the so-called voluntary schools attached to some religious denomination. This class is much smaller than either of the two preceding ones for the reason that this branch of the profession is to some extent safe-guarded by the necessity of regular training and qualification which is imposed without exception on all candidates for employment. In what are called the "higher" branches of the profession, anyone can compete for a vacancy who can pay the agent's fee and is willing to accept a sufficiently low salary.

The chief hardships in this class are borne by those who have been crowded into it by the fulness of all other possible markets, and who have taken to elementary teaching as a refuge for the destitute in the vague hope of some day winning the certificate which will give them rank and a progressive salary.

With regard to the pay which is the price of the under-teacher's more or less cultivated intellect and the best working years of his, or her, life, it is difficult to be very exact in the case of the first two classes here described. From personal knowledge, I can say that they will, in nine cases out of ten, take what they can get, and this varies from £15 a-year to £50 for male teachers, with board and lodging of a very inferior kind for nearly forty weeks in the year, and from nothing up to £40 for women, with the same advantages thrown in.

As a rule, absolutely necessary dress and the absurdly long holidays more than swallow up the wages of the term, and the teacher of this class who can go from one situation to another free from debt is either very fortunate or very thrifty. Old age, as I have said, means for these charity or starvation.

There are about 45,000 certificated teachers in Great Britain. These are the aristocracy of their class, and every one of them must pass several years in unpaid preparation for their duties. Their pay ranges as follows:—2,000 get over £800 a year, 280 get over £150, 10,000 get over £100, 24,000 get over £50, and nearly 5,000 get less than £1 a week. They have no pension nor any other provision save what they can scrape together by stinting themselves for years.

The tremendous pace at which they are obliged to work in order to keep up with the requirements of codes and inspectors wears them out by the time they are fifty, and then they are mostly shouldered aside by younger men and women and take less responsible posts, or drop out of harness altogether into the ranks of the nondescripts, and starve slowly into despair and death on the wages of such casual employment as chance may throw in their way. The successful ones of pedagogy win plenty of honours and a fair share of the world's good things. What becomes of the failures no one exactly knows, though doubtless their end is not very different from the fate of the rest of the superfluous humanity from which the mournful ranks of the Slaves of To-day are unceasingly recruited.

SPEAKING of monopolies, an Arizona paper mentions that a certain citizen in a Far West town possessed the only tree in the place, with a large, strong limb at the proper distance from the ground, which he was in the habit of renting out to lynching parties at a sovereign per meeting. The advent of the Western Union Telegraph Company, with their long telegraph poles, ruined the industry completely and destroyed a valuable source of income for the owner of the tree.

An eccentric one-legged character, nick-named "Mal Foot," well-known for many years to visitors and residents of Rochdale, was one night at a club dinner (sick and burial society). After the dinner, when the games were in full swing, one of the members said he would give five shillings to anyone who would throw his leg higher than he could. Several members, including "Mal," expressed their willingness to try for the prize. Not one, however, could accomplish the task until it came to "Mal's" turn, when he unstrapped his wooden leg and threw it through the open skylight window. When the judges had overcome their laughter sufficiently to speak, they awarded the crown to "Mal Foot."

DOUBTLESS our unlettered friends have fine distinctions in the use of words, for which we do not give them sufficient credit. A new pupil in a charity school took a shattered lamp-chimney to show her teacher.

"Ah!" said he, "your chimney is broken, is it?"

"No, sir," she answered, "it's busted."

In her distinction of terms lay all the difference between a confession of guilt and an assertion of innocence. The word "broken" she understood to mean that the mishap had occurred by her own fault, and in correcting to "busted" she meant to imply that some unknown agency, a current of cold air, perhaps, had caused the break. Here is a distinction as clear and real as we make in more scholarly terms.

A HORSE'S WEIGHT.

MANY people, even among those who frequently make use of horses, have little idea what an ordinary horse weighs, and would have hard work to guess whether a given animal, standing before their eyes, weighed 500 lb. or 1,500 lb. Yet they would have no such difficulty with a man, and would probably be able to guess within 10 lb. or 20 lb. of his weight.

The Governments of Europe have long been purchasing and weighing horses for the military service, and transferring them from carriage or draught employment to the various branches of the cavalry and artillery. The animals are ordinarily assigned according to weight.

The French military authorities find that an ordinary light carriage or riding horse weighs from 850 lb. to 900 lb. Such horses as these are assigned to the light cavalry corps.

The next grade above, which in civil life passes as a "coupe horse," or carriage horse of medium weight, ranges in weight up to 1,050 lb. This horse goes to serve the purpose of drill for the cavalry belonging to the reserve military forces.

Above these there are still two grades of heavy horses. The first are those used for ordinary draught purposes and are commonly found drawing the omnibuses of Paris. These weigh from 1,100 lb. to nearly 1,500 lb.

The heaviest horses are the Clydesdales and Percherons; which are oxen in size and strength, and which weigh from 1,300 lb. up to nearly 2,000 lb.

None of these Percherons of the heaviest weight are employed in the military service; but some of the lighter ones are used for draught and artillery purposes.

HOW SNAKES CLIMB.

How do snakes climb? is a question which has been frequently asked. Many have thought that they accomplish the feat by wrapping themselves about the tree and following a spiral course upwards. Several years ago, a story went the rounds of the papers to the effect that two Canadian wood-choppers, having felled a large oak tree several feet in diameter and very tall, found in its top two black snakes.

After pondering for some time the men came to the conclusion that one snake had taken hold of the other's tail, and thus by co-operation they had been enabled to clasp the trunk, and by circling about it had ascended the top.

Whatever probability may have attached to this conclusion has recently been dispelled by the observation of two young American naturalists.

A black snake, measuring perhaps a trifle over six feet, was found clinging to the side of a small tree, around which it could have wrapped itself nearly twice, had it wished to do so. Instead of this, the snake passed right and left at short distances, catching the folds along its under parts over and behind the slightly projecting roughness of bark.

As the snake rested only five or six feet off the ground, one of the young men grasped at its tail to test its clinging qualities, but so great was the force with which it pulled upward that it proved a difficult task to hold it. Finally, becoming annoyed at this ill-treatment, the snake reached down threateningly at the offending hand, and losing its hold fell to the ground.

THE Czarina: "Alex, there's a plot against us, here in our own household."

The Czar (carelessly): "Oh, I'm getting used to that sort of thing."

The Czarina: "But this is the most dastardly plot yet."

The Czar: "What is it?"

The Czarina (in an awful whisper): "The cook is going to leave."

MRS. MCMORIARTY: "Phat is your son doin' now, Mrs. O'Rafferty?"

Mrs. O'Rafferty: "Sure he's adopted th' stage as a profession, Mrs. McMoriarty. He do be a light comedian."

Mrs. McMoriarty: "A loight comedian is it?"

Mrs. O'Rafferty: "Yis. He stands beyant the back curtain, with his mouth to a hole forninst a candle, an' whin Pawnee Ike shoots at th' candle he blows it out."

A CLERGYMAN who must have believed in preaching righteousness seven days in the week, had his attention attracted by a jockey who appeared to be trying to take in a simple gentleman by selling him a broken-winded horse for a sound one.

The minister drew the gentleman aside, and advised him to be on his guard, at the same time pointing out the horse's weak points. The gentleman thanked him, and the bargain was off. The jockey was nettled.

"Parson," said he, "I had much rather hear you preach than see you interfering in this way between man and man."

"Very well," answered the clergyman, "if you had been where you ought to have been last Sunday, you might have heard me."

"Where was that?" asked the jockey.

"In the county jail," said the minister.

TRAVELLERS' TALES. - 5.

A VILLAGE ROMANCE.

In the summer of '89, being weary for the time of foreign travel, I decided to spend the early weeks of the autumn in renewing my acquaintance with the pastoral beauties of the Western counties, which four hundred years ago were the Debatable Land of the Welsh border, and in due course I found myself located for a few days in a pretty, out-of-the-way little village, lying about half a day's walk from the spot where William of Longland sat in the olden time on the western slopes of the Cotswolds and dreamed the vision of Piers Ploughman.

It was while I was examining the old brasses and time-worn tombs of an ancient church that I made the acquaintance of the narrator of the tale which I am about to relate. He was the rector of the parish, and as fine a specimen of the English country parson as one would meet with in a long day's march.

Of course he was in love with the antiquities of his own church, and an interesting discussion of these, in which he did most of the talking, resulted in an improvement of our acquaintance, and a request that he should share my mid-day meal at my inn and join me in my afternoon exploration of one of the neighbouring valleys.

He accepted, and during dinner our conversation turned on the somewhat well-worn topic of the relative merits of town and country life. When we got out into the fields, he took up the thread of our discussion again, replying to a statement that I had hazarded as to the lack of human interest in the life of isolated villages.

"I grant you," said he, "that in such a place as this, for instance, we lack the intense interest which springs from the complicated conditions of life in great towns, but we villagers are by no means without both tragedies and comedies, which, though played on a smaller stage and by fewer characters, are just as full of pathos as the dramas of town society. If you like I will tell you of one that was played out a few years ago in what is now my own parish. As it turned out it was all comedy, but it might easily have become a tragedy for all that."

"Nothing I should like better," I replied, and without further introduction he began the story which is set out here as he told it to me during that afternoon ramble.

"About ten years ago a young lady artist took up her quarters in the village down yonder for the purpose of studying rural scenery from nature, and after a while she found the time hang so heavily on her hands that for lack of better diversion she started a flirtation with an unworshipful curate, who some two years before had come from Oxford to try his 'prentice hand on the villagers of Arden-on-Severn.

"He was an impressionable man of about thirty-three, younger than his years, fairly good-looking, and interesting withal. At least, so the fair artist seemed to find him, for she certainly allowed the affair to go beyond the limits of a mere casual flirtation. In fact, I am afraid I must say that either she was much more in earnest about it than he gave her any reason to be, or else she was making a most unjustifiable use of her opportunities for amusing herself at his expense.

"For his part I am able to say that he was perfectly heart-whole when she had done her worst. He had no thought of making love to anyone, and moreover she was by no means the sort of girl who would have attracted him under any circumstances. He had simply extended to her the usual courtesies demanded by the occasion; but these, whether for amusement or some more serious reason, she chose to exaggerate into the attentions of an undeclared lover.

"After a month or so of innocent dalliance on his part and what may have been serious enterprise on hers he woke to the uncomfortable conviction that the young lady was beginning to look upon him as the lawful captive of her bow and spear, and, being in no wise disposed to regard himself as such, he gave her indirectly, but unmistakably to understand that she had jumped to a conclusion which was by no means warranted by the circumstances of the case.

"She concealed what chagrin she might have felt with all the art of one who had graduated in the best society; but that she must have felt the failure of her little enterprise you will see by the time I have done my story. There must be a great deal of truth in that savage saying about 'a woman scorned,' or Miss Gray, as I may as well call her, would never have so far forgotten herself as a lady and a Christian as to seek the mean and unjust revenge that she tried to take for the slight that she fancied had been put upon her.

"The day before she left the village the then rector gave a sort of garden party in the vicarage grounds, to the Sunday-school children and their teachers. Among these were two maiden sisters, who were quite the Dorcas of the village, and between them and the curate a strong, healthy friendship had existed ever since their work had brought them together. The fact that they were neither very young, pretty, nor well off made their friendship all the more attractive in the young parson's eyes.

"Nevertheless, two more sweetly, womanly women never existed, and how it came to pass that neither of them had ever married was a mystery to everyone but themselves. The younger of them, Dora, was, at the time I speak of, a month or so over thirty-two, and her sister was nearly five years older.

"Just as the garden party was breaking up a smart, sudden shower, such as we often have in the West, came on, and by some combination of chances the curate had to choose between offering the protection of his umbrella to Dora Lester or to Miss Gray. Without a moment's hesitation, he offered it to the elder lady and the older friend, and in doing so altered the whole course of his future life.

"As they tramped away over the wet field-paths towards Miss Dora's home she playfully rallied the curate—as such a good friend well might without offence—on the village gossip that had of late connected his name with that of the young lady artist from London. The curate, being perhaps still a little sore on that subject, answered, with a good deal more earnestness than was warranted by the circumstances—

"My dear Miss Dora, I may as well say, once for all, that I have no more idea of marrying Miss Gray than I have of proposing to my landlady. In the first place I am not in love with her, and in the second place, she would be about as impossible a clergyman's wife as one could very well conceive. When I marry—if I ever do—I shall seek someone who can join me in work as well as in my home—someone like you, for instance, if there were any chance of your having me."

"The last words were, of course, spoken in jest, for Miss Dora was such a very pronounced old maid in those days that the idea of their being taken in earnest never for a moment crossed her companion's mind. If he had had a little more experience of the ways and weaknesses of womanhood he would have chosen his words more carefully, and understood better than he did the flutter of the little hand that was tucked under his arm.

"When Miss Gray reached home that evening there was shaping itself in the depths of her alighted soul as venomous a plot for the destruction of an innocent woman's peace of mind as feline malice ever conceived.

"She possessed another and a much more dangerous gift besides the power of counterfeiting nature on canvas. She could imitate almost any kind of handwriting with wonderful fidelity, and she decided to employ this contraband skill in playing what, by virtue of some curious moral squint, she seems to have regarded as merely a pungent practical joke on the curate and the old maid.

"The idea was probably suggested by a note from the former which she had received a week or two back about some sketches he had lent her. You would hardly believe that a lady, however jealous she might be, would do such a thing, and yet it is a fact that after an hour's careful practice she actually sat down and deliberately wrote a proposal of marriage to Dora Lester in an excellent imitation of the curate's handwriting.

The next morning she drove off betimes to the station, calling at the post-office on her way and meeting there the curate to whom she said good-bye, with a cordiality that was almost tenderness. Then she went on her way, leaving behind her the elements of a very pretty little rural tragedy or comedy, as the Fates might decide to make it.

Twenty-four hours later, the chief actor in it received a letter from Miss Dora, which first amazed and then saddened him beyond measure. It was quite a short note, and ran somewhat in this style:—

DEAR MR. MAXWELL,—Your letter has so completely taken my breath away that I am quite unable to answer it as soon as you ask me to. I had no notion that what you said on our walk last evening was meant for anything more than one of your jokes. As the matter is really such a serious one for both of us, don't you think it would be best to talk it quietly over before I say anything definite about it?

If you agree with me you will find me at home all the evening.

Always your friend, whatever my final answer may be,
DORA LESTER.

I will not attempt to describe the state of mind in which the hapless curate passed the greater part of the morning, for if I did I should only fail. Of course he saw the cruel trick that had been played on this unoffending woman and himself, and equally, of course, he was not long in guessing whose hand had done the mischief. Finally, as was usual with him in difficult situations, he decided to take a long stretch over the hills and fight the matter out with himself.

"When he came back doubt had given place to resolve, and the angry pain at his heart had been driven out by the great joy that comes so seldom into an earnest man's life.

"That evening there was no happier man and woman in all the West Country than Dora Lester and Frank Maxwell as they shook hands at Dora's garden gate, and wished each other *au revoir* till the morrow.

"Did Miss Gray ever hear how well her little scheme succeeded? Well, yes, she did. Maxwell took his wife up to town the summer after they were married, and one day as they were having afternoon tea with a friend who should walk in but the young lady to whose wickedness it was due that the best wife and mother on the country side did not waste her sweetness on the desert air of single blessedness. It is only common justice to Miss Gray to say that she received the news with an air of pleased surprise that was every whit as well counterfeited as the forgery that had so woefully failed in its aim.

"And now," said the rector of Arden, halting at the top of a green lane that led down to the most delightful of country parsonages, "you have made the acquaintance of Frank Maxwell already. Come in and have some tea, and I will introduce you to Mrs. Maxwell."

THE SYSTEM OF THE GERMAN ARMY.

It is impossible to conceive a more thorough system than that on which the German army is based. In every village there is a certain amount of money deposited in the town hall, which is sufficient to keep all the soldiers in the village in food for thirty days after the declaration of war.

Next to the town hall are the armoury, arsenal, and barracks of the place. Here are the cannon and the smaller arms, the ammunition, and every requisite for war. The officers live in the building.

Scattered throughout the village are the soldiers. Those who have passed the first term of service are engaged in various occupations. Every horse in the village is duly ticketed and appraised. At stated times the horse is taken from his position in the shafts of a carriage, or butcher's, baker's or candlestick-maker's cart, mounted by a soldier, or hitched to a gun-carriage, drilled into his business, and then returned to his owner. The instant war breaks out the horse becomes the property of William II.

This condition of things exists in every corner of the empire. The instant the Emperor decides on war, the entire telegraphic and railway service is turned over to the State; the shoemaker in the village dons his uniform, jumps upon his neighbour's horse, reports himself at the barracks; the bag of money is put in the gun-carriage; and within a few hours the entire force of the village, town or city, is standing in the road ready mounted and thoroughly equipped for active service. Everything is arranged, all contingencies are fore-shadowed, and an army of three million men stands waiting for orders within a few hours after the declaration of war.

A POSTMASTER by the name of Goodale, when he is in a hurry, signs himself XX.

It always bothers a Frenchman who is learning English to read one day that a murder has been committed, and the next day that the murderer has been committed.

There was a rule in an old Debating Society which might be advantageously recommended to the House of Commons:—"That any gentleman wishing to speak the whole evening should have a room to himself."

The reporter had just come in from a murder case. It was a rainy day, and he had to cross a ploughed field on foot.

"I see," observed the chief editor, looking with much displeasure at his large and muddy boots, "you have brought the scene of the murder with you."

"Yes," answered the reporter, apologetically, "I've got to have some ground for my story, you know."

An editor of a Western paper says that he has three times put on a clean shirt for the purpose of calling on the Mayor of his town, but did not see him, and concludes an account of his disappointments with the following notice:—"His worship is respectfully informed that we cannot afford to make another such run on our linen, and, if we have the honour of making his acquaintance, he will have no reason to complain if we are not altogether in trim."

A FASHIONABLE young lady visited a cookery school the other afternoon, where her attention was equally divided between a new dress worn by an acquaintance and the directions for making a cake. Upon returning home she undertook to write down the recipe for making the cake for her mother, and the old lady was paralyzed when she read:—

"Take two pounds of flour, three rows of plaiting down the front, the whites of two eggs cut bias, a pint of milk ruffled round the neck, half-pound currant with seven yards of bead trimming, grated lemon peel with Spanish lace fichu; stir well, and add a semi-fitting paletôt with visette sleeves, butter the pan with Brazilian topaz necklace, and garnish with icing and jetted passementerie. Bake in a moderately hot oven until the over-skirt is tucked from the waist down on either side, and finish with large satin bows."

Her mother said she wouldn't eat such a cake, and she thought these new fangled ideas in cooking ought to be frowned down.

HOLIDAY HAUNTS.

THESE articles we wish our readers to contribute. They must be not less than 1,000, or more than 1,500 words in length, and we shall pay TWO GUINEAS for the best to hand every week, publishing it with the author's name and address. Competitions should be marked "Holiday" on the envelopes.

The articles must of course be original, and the actual experiences of readers during holiday trips. There is no reason why anybody should not try for the prize, for we shall not study literary style so much as good matter.

We do not undertake any responsibility with regard to the safe return of unsuitable MSS., though every care will be taken to send back those with which stamped envelopes are enclosed. The rest will be destroyed.

HOME NOTES.

A PAGE MORE PARTICULARLY FOR LADIES.

ISOBEL will be glad to answer, in this page, questions of general interest upon household matters, so far as space permits. Envelopes should be marked HOME NOTES.

To Clean Ceilings. I would advise your washing your ceiling with soap and water, and if necessary put a little soda in the water. (Reply to GERTRUDE.)

Dandelion Beer. Boil, in five gallons of water, two ounces of dandelion leaves, five ounces of ginger, and half an ounce hops; strain off and boil again, adding three pounds of sugar and two ounces of Spanish juice. Allow it to ferment for twenty-four hours, and then bottle for use.

To Remove Spots from Silk and Cashmere Dresses. Make some Fuller's earth into a paste with cold water, and lay it over the spot. When dry brush it off. If this does not move the marks, sponge them with chloroform. Commercial chloroform should be used. (Reply to AMY.)

Nettle Beer. After picking the stalks away from the nettles, boil the leaves in about two gallons of water to one gallon of leaves; strain, and add about half a pound of brown sugar and half an ounce of ginger to every gallon of liquor. When nearly cold ferment with yeast and bottle at once. (Reply to MARY GOWARTON.)

A Good Black Dye for your worsted fringe may be made as follows:—To five pints of water add half a pound of bruised gall, quarter of a pound of green vitriol, and one pound of logwood. If you prefer to buy the dye ready mixed, you will find one of the many varieties sold now very excellent. (Reply to A. BENTLEY.)

Broiled Bones has an ominous sound, as of starvation diet, but it is merely a name for that excellent dish, marrow bones on toast. Get your butcher to saw a marrow bone into pieces two inches long. Then make a stiff paste of flour and water, and seal up each end into a small piece of paste about half an inch thick. Tie each bone up in a cloth, place in boiling water, and simmer for about an hour. Remove the cloth and paste. Season contents of each bone with salt and pepper. Serve on thin squares of toast.

Haricot Beans & la Marseillaise. Just now, when vegetables are very scarce, haricot beans are much in vogue. Boil one quart of beans all night, put them into fresh water, bring slowly to the boil, and simmer till tender. Drain them well, and add quarter of a pound of butter, one tablespoonful of minced parsley, pepper and salt to taste. Keep moving the stewpan over the fire without using a spoon, as this would break the beans. When the ingredients are well mixed squeeze in the juice of half a lemon, and serve very hot.

To Remove Stains from Mahogany Table. Nothing is more distressing to a tidy person than to see stains on her mahogany furniture. Many people endure these eyesores for years, thinking there is no home recipe for erasing them, and not caring to go to the expense of French polishing. The following recipe I am sure will be found worth a trial. Make a solution of a little oxalic acid and water, and with a cork dipped into it rub the discoloured parts until the stains disappear. Then wash the wood well with water, dry and polish as usual.

To Make Delicious Rusks. However careful one is to prevent waste of bread, it is impossible in a household to have no pieces. Everyone uses these up in different ways; sometimes in puddings, some as bread-crumbs, etc., etc. A correspondent sends me this recipe for rusks, which, she says, she finds very popular:—Break the crusts into pieces about the size of a large walnut, dip them for a moment into milk in which has been mixed a little salt and a pinch of cayenne pepper. Place the pieces on a baking sheet, and bake in a moderate oven until they assume a golden brown colour. When cold, store the rusks in a tin. (Thanks to E. KING.)

To Preserve Eggs for Winter Use. You do not tell me how you stored the eggs for winter, so I cannot tell you where the fault lies. I store eggs every year, and never find that one goes bad, so give my recipe a trial. Take one pound of fresh unslaked lime, one pound of coarse rock salt, and three gallons of soft water. Fill the vessels in which you purpose storing the eggs, and stir the liquid daily for a fortnight. If this is not done, the heat caused by the slaking of the lime, would harden the yolks of the eggs. When properly prepared there should be a thin crust on the top of the lime. Put the eggs into the jars as nearly new laid as possible; when full, tie the jars over with bladder, and the eggs will keep perfectly. (Reply to COCHIN.)

Lemon Kati or Sherbet. Take half a pound of castor sugar, a quarter of a pound each of tartaric acid and carbonate of soda, and thirty drops of essence of lemon. Add the essence to the sugar, then mix in the other powders, stir altogether, and pass twice through a wire sieve. Keep the sherbet in well-corked bottles, and do not put a damp spoon into it. (Reply to ELIA.)

Kidney Omelette. Eggs are in most places becoming cheap, and a kidney omelette will make a nice breakfast dish. Procure a sheep's kidney, cut it up into tiny dice, fry it in butter with a little shallot and chopped parsley. Now make an omelette of three or four eggs and an ounce of butter. When the eggs are set put the kidneys, etc., in the centre, fold over the two sides, turn it out on a dish, and serve immediately.

Maids of Honour. For these little tarts you must commence by making good puff paste, and with it line some patty-pans. Fill half full with this mixture, and bake in a good heat. Beat two ounces of butter with the hand till it comes to a fine cream, add two ounces of castor sugar, and beat well together; add yolks of two eggs, beat again; add small quantity of milk, shake in a few currants and finely chopped candied peel. Beat all the ingredients together before filling the patty-pans. (Reply to ESSIE.)

How can I Cure Dandriff? Where the disease occurs inquiry should be made concerning the general health of the sufferer. The nearer the body can be kept to the standard of perfectly good health the less likely is dandriff to occur. An excellent and simple remedy for this complaint is to apply sweet almond oil freely to the scalp at night. Rub it in thoroughly, and in the morning shampoo with soap and soft water, rinsing with plenty of cold water. (Reply to ELDERLY MAN.)

How to Renovate a Black Merino Dress. A good black dress is always, to my mind, worth a little trouble in washing and re-making. This recipe is a valuable one to those who always wear black dresses and like to have them constantly cleaned at a small expense. Make a lather of eight ounces of soap and one ounce of ox-gall in a pan of warm water. Wash the merino in this and wring it out. Dissolve a small piece of alum in cold water, rinse the merino in it and hang it out to dry. Iron or mangle the material when nearly dry and it will look almost like new.

Picnic Eggs. Lately I have so often been asked for picnic dishes that this simple one, of eggs, I feel sure will be much appreciated. Proceed in this manner. Boil some eggs gently for twenty minutes, plunge into cold water, peel off the shells and cut each egg neatly in half. Remove the yolks, and mash them with a little salad dressing and celery salt. When well mixed add a little finely chopped ham, chicken or tongue, as is most convenient. Fill the eggs with this paste, place the halves together and twist confectioner's paper round each one, so that it will travel nicely. If one has no salad dressing, melted butter, vinegar, and seasoning can be used instead.

The Removal of Ironmould. Get a penny-worth of salts of lemon, or more if you have a great deal of iron-rust to remove. It is poison, and must be kept out of the reach of children, and any left should be burnt. Lay the spotted article (which must be wet) over a warm plate, and with a large cork rub some of the salts on the spot, which will soon yield. I have known the most obstinate spots disappear under this treatment. Another plan adopted by laundresses is to wet the spots in milk, then cover them with common salt. This is a splendid way to take ink-stains out, and should be tried before the garments are washed. (Reply to E. E.)

A Very Light Seed Cake may be made in the following manner:—Take half a pound of fine pastry flour, add to it one and half teaspoonfuls of baking powder and two teaspoonfuls of caraway seeds, cream three ounces of butter, with three ounces of castor sugar, and add three well-beaten eggs. Gradually shake in the dry ingredients, beating well all the time. Add a little milk if necessary. Bake in a quick oven for three-quarters of an hour. The principal point to be remembered in making light cakes is to give them sufficiently long baking in an oven, which is hottest when the cakes are first put in. (Reply to a Reader of Pearson's.)

Hints on Invalid Cookery. Invalid cookery is one of the most important and most neglected branches of the art. Good food is as necessary to the sick as medicine, and in many cases even more so. Many a valuable life has been lost for want of proper food during illness. Perfect cleanliness and freshness are essential to invalid cookery. Never make lemonade, beef tea, etc., enough for two or three days, so as to save yourself trouble. Never let the patient see you taste anything; all flavourings should be added in the kitchen. When invalids are well enough to eat solid food, great care should be taken in serving and garnishing the dishes. Invalids should never be kept waiting for their meals, for in many cases this will cause complete loss of appetite.

Varnish for Garden Gate and Palings. Grind together any quantity of tar you have with as much Spanish brown as it will bear without becoming too thick to be applied as a paint or varnish. Work this on to the wood with a large brush. The work should be kept as free from dust and insects as possible till the varnish is dry. (Reply to LADY READER.)

Cowslip Wine. To make nine gallons of wine with twenty-five pounds of loaf preserving sugar, and set it to work for thirty-six hours. Then put into a tub the juice and peel of nine Seville oranges, and nine gallons of cowslip flowers or pips; over these pour the sugar and water, and leave them to stand for a week, stirring daily. Afterwards strain, add a quart of brandy, put the wine into a cask, leave it for two months, and then bottle it. (Reply to DAIRY MAID.)

Cleansing Grey Hair Without Washing. I see no reason why washing the head and drying it thoroughly should cause deafness. Without doubt, if the hair is to be cleansed, moisture of some kind must be applied. Try this recipe, and I feel sure you will like it. Pour a pint of boiling water on half an ounce of carbonate of ammonia; when cold, bottle and cork tightly. Rub this fluid on the head with a piece of flannel, when it will lather like soap. Afterwards rub dry with a soft towel. (Reply to A. T., Leeds.)

The Healthfulness of a Dwelling is very much increased by its being constantly whitewashed. Whitewash should be made by pouring boiling water on to cakes of whitening and stirring until the liquid is like a thin cream, when a small quantity of dissolved glue is added to prevent the colour from rubbing off when dry. Whitewash should be applied with a broad, flat brush, working it in a uniform direction up and down the wall. It is necessary first to remove the dirt and the old whitewash, by washing it off with a brush and plenty of clean water.

Tea. I will willingly tell you where you can procure good tea at a reasonable price. Lipton's teas are now sold everywhere, and I am sure you cannot fail to like them, for there is a great variety of flavour in them to suit all tastes. I first met with this tea when visiting a friend. I was so much struck with the flavour and aroma of the tea that I asked my kind hostess to give me the name and address of her tea-merchant. The name she gave me, but said the address was unnecessary, for Lipton was widely known, and had branch establishments in every town and village in the kingdom. The price of Lipton's tea ranges from 1s. 1d. to 1s. 7d. per lb. (Reply to KALKA.)

Beef Sausages. These are best when made from beef steak. Remove all skin from the meat, chop it finely, weigh, and place in an earthenware pan, with these ingredients:—To every pound of meat add a quarter of beef suet, quarter of a pint of stock or water, two ounces bread crumbs, half ounce of salt, half teaspoonful of dried and sifted parsley, ditto dried thyme, and a teaspoonful of pepper. Work the ingredients well together with a wooden spoon. Clean some skins nicely, rub them well all over with lemon juice, and put to soak in water. Take the skins out of the water one at a time, dry them, and fill with the sausage meat. Tie in lengths of about three inches. If these sausages are well made and cooked they will when cut give plenty of gravy. **Veal and Ham Sausages.**—To every pound of veal put half a pound of ham (in equal quantities of fat and lean). Season with a little whole pepper, a pinch of nutmeg, and sweet herbs; mix with one ounce of bread crumbs, and moisten with four tablespoonfuls of veal broth. Proceed as for beef sausages.

Isobel

RATES FOR ADVERTISEMENTS.

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Single column, per inch	...	1	0
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Full page inside, facing matter, either white paper or 2nd or 3rd page of cover	...	50	0
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Quarter page	...	12	0
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Full page, front or back of cover	...	60	0
Half page	...	30	0
Quarter page	...	15	0
Eighth page	...	7	10

All spaces below one-eighth of a page are charged at per inch rate.

Black Blocks are charged 25 per cent. extra. All advertisements are subject to approval.

Counting competition and other objectionable advertisements are not inserted.

The Proprietors reserve the right to hold over or suspend the insertion of any advertisement without prejudice to the other insertions on order.

All enquiries and orders to be forwarded to PEARSON'S WEEKLY Advertisement Department, Ball's, 107, Fleet Street, London, E.C.; General Offices Temple Chambers, London, E.C.

1892. JANUARY.	FEBRUARY.	MARCH.	APRIL.	MAY.	JUNE.	JULY.	AUGUST.	SEPTEMBER.	OCTOBER.	NOVEMBER.	DECEMBER.
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or sent to any address for sixty stamps by the
Master, the Lincoln and Midland Counties Dye

WHAT CAN WE TELL YOU?

RESULT OF MISSING WORD COMPETITION No. 20.

£2 17s. 7d. FOR EACH WINNER.

HERE is the Chartered Accountant's statement with regard to the word which was omitted from the paragraph entitled A MENACE TO SAILORS, that appeared on page 633 of issue for week ending April 30th.

"We certify that the sealed envelope handed to us by *Pearson's Weekly* in connection with this competition has been opened and contained the word *inferred*."

Stade Lewis & Stadel
Chartered Accountants
Wardrobe Chambers,
Queen Victoria Street, London.

Here is the passage in part:—

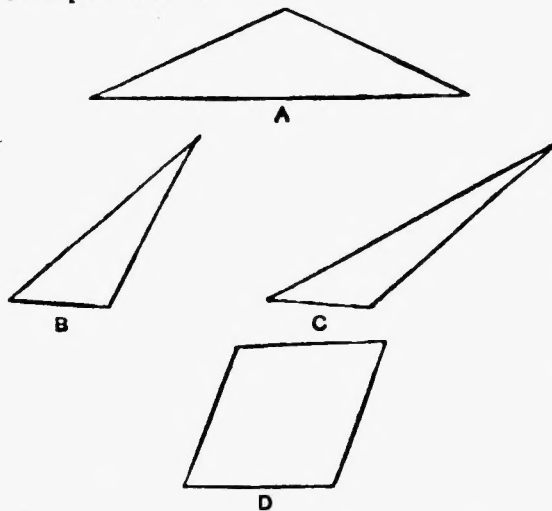
"She has not suffered so much during her strange cruise, since she was abandoned off Cape Hatteras, as might have been *inferred*."

2,708 readers entered, 47 of whom sent the word *inferred*. To make the amounts even we have added 5d. to the £135 6s. to be divided, which means that each winner becomes entitled to £2 17s. 7d.

The following are the names and addresses of the winners:—

W. Wilson, 3 Vine Terrace, Church Road, Chorlton-on-Medley, near Manchester; A. J. Tarnant, Greenfield, Byton-on-Tyne, Co. Durham; Miss Ingledew, Percy Park, Tyne-mouth, Northumberland; Geo. H. Steele, 35, St. George's Street, Leicester; Richard Nicholls, 27, Alexandra Street, Hull; G. Field, Jun. 125, Oxford Street, Old Trafford, Manchester; O. J. Windland, 44, Ball Street, Chester, Manchester; A. Ball, 31, Oxford Street, Warrington, Liverpool; A. Walsh, 70, Armadale Street, Glasgow; E. Light, Bowden Hill, Chippingham, Wilts; W. Binkins, 43, Harrington Road, South Hackney; W. B. Oullingford, St. John's House, Chichester; Wm. McCleary, Telegraph Depot, G. P. O., Belfast; W. Scarborough, 8, Aubrey Terrace, Sunderland; H. Severn, 4, Moray Road, Tollymore Park, N.; S. Snell, 9, Church Road, St. Mary Church, Torquay; Geo. Marshall, care of A. Johnston, 4, Brown Street, Glasgow; J. P. Halsey, 17, Portland Street, Newark, Notts; Thomas Summers, 13, Briery Vale, Bursfield, Elizabeth Ason, care of Mrs. Andrews, Walkden Place, Brackley, Northampton; A. G. Maskrey, 52, Crompton Street, Derby; Jos. E. Jones, 11, Aston Road, Rock Ferry, Cheshire; H. O'Neil, 3, Bridge Row, E. C.; G. B. Murray, West Gate, Winchester; S. Nicholson, 2, Holmhead Street, Glasgow; A. Todd, Furness Works, John W. Richards, 30, Regent's Street, W. C.; J. W. Ogden, 504, New Road, Fallowfield, Manchester; C. B. Bates, 76, Park Lane, Norwich, Norfolk; Jm. Wilson, 9, Brighton Street, Nottingham; C. Bennett, 164, High Street, Stratford, Hants; A. Wilde, 44, Howard Street, Salford, near Manchester; C. Marsh, 83, Fentonville Road, N.; G. I. Sibbering, 1, Olande Road, Cardiff; Edward J. Carleton, Swingshoe Hotel, Cambridge; A. Godart, 193, Bow Common Lane, E.; E. J. Boulger, Mandeville, Forrook, Co. Dublin; R. McDonald, 5, Rocky Street, Liverpool; 3 shares; Sam Rogers, 39, Farnham Street, Belfast; Alex. Mackintosh, 123, W. Graham Street, Glasgow; Cornelius Furness, 64, Brick Street, Warrington, Lancs.; Geo. Korman, 22, Garroyle Road, Wavertree, Liverpool; Thomas Wharton, Wreaby, Brigg; Mrs. Simon, 11, Argyle Square, King's Cross, W. C.; Alfred Hartley, 7, Victoria Road, Eiland, Yorkshire.

PENCIL-CASES this week will be awarded to those of our readers who succeed in forming an octagon with two pieces of paper shaped like A, and four pieces each like B, C, and D. A pencil-case will be awarded to the reader from whom the first correct solution comes, and from every twenty-fifth afterwards, until twenty-five have been awarded. Five more pencil-cases will be awarded to the five competitors whose solutions of the puzzle are most neatly executed. Competitors should mark their envelopes "OCTAGON."



W. B. M. writes:—I was much interested at some remarks you made about pills and pill-taking. I write to say that I have a sister, who has a decided mania for the above-mentioned articles. She is in the habit of ordering them a gross or two at a time from a chemist. She sometimes takes as many as six daily, and never less than three and four.

MANY of our readers will recollect that at the beginning of last year we offered £100 to the engaged couple whose friends sent in most votes for them. This substantial help towards setting up in married life was won by Mr. T. F. Bullough and Miss Margaret Balshaw, and the £100 was handed over to the manager of the Manchester, Liverpool, and District Bank, to be held by him until the lucky couple were married. This event took place in the parish church of St. Michael, Bolton, on April 19th last. Curiously enough the name of the officiating minister was the Rev. William Pearson. Mr. and Mrs. Bullough sent us a copy of the marriage certificate, and on receipt of this we requested the manager of the Manchester, Liverpool, and District Bank to hand over to them the £100, together with the interest that has accrued. This sum, we hear, has been duly transferred to Mr. and Mrs. Bullough, and there, so far as we are concerned, the matter ends. We sincerely hope the young couple whose start in married life it has been our privilege to assist, may have before them many years of health and happiness.

As will be seen from the list below the FRESH AIR FUND subscriptions are coming in very well indeed, though hardly yet fast enough to ensure the carrying out of the scheme in its entirety. We want £8 2s. a day for 84 days, as yet we have only got it for four. Still, a great many collecting lists are out, so we trust that things will improve later on. What we want is a few readers who have the means and the goodwill to follow the example of the generous reader of THE FEATHERED WORLD who forwarded to that paper on behalf of the FRESH AIR FUND a cheque for £8 2s., which means the payment of an entire day's excursion.

Amount previously acknowledged, £14 16s. 4d. W. B. Power, 6s.; A. Walker, 2s.; A. H. Barnard, 3s.; H. E. Pitman, 2s. 6d.; G. Casaly, 5s.; Collected from some of the officers of the Foreign Branch, G.P.O., by J. H. Wagner, £1 2s. 6d.; "Woodhall," £3; J. Bowers, £1; Snikwah, 1s.; Vita, 2s. 6d.; T. Allen and J. Hall, 2s.; G. Miller, 4s.; Henry E. Hole, 5s.; C. Y., 2s. 6d.; Miss T. M. Salmon, 1s. 6d.; Miss M. Humphry, 5s.; Well Wisher, 6d.; M. I. P., 3s.; W. L., per THE FEATHERED WORLD, £8 2s.; T. B., £10s.; Miss Fye, 1s. 6d. Grand total, £30 6s. 10d.

We have received a great number of post-cards in consequence of the paragraph in which we recently invited opinions as to the advisability of publishing a serial story in *Pearson's Weekly*. Many readers seem to have jumped at the idea that we suggested displacing the short stories, two of which appear every week, by a serial story. This we never had any intention whatever of doing. The general tenor of the replies appears to be that a serial story would be good but for the fact that it must necessarily displace something, and readers seem to think that the whole of the present contents of the paper are worth preserving. We are naturally much flattered at objections on this score, but we have just met them by a change which, we venture to say, not one in ten thousand of our readers detected. Last week we commenced the use of new type in *Pearson's Weekly*. It is not perceptibly smaller than that which was used before, but it is more closely set together, with the result that matter which used to occupy a column now falls short of filling that space by an inch and a half. This means a gain, taking the paper all through, of rather more than five columns. In from four to five columns we could give a very fair instalment of a serial story, and this we propose to do as soon as we can make suitable arrangements. Readers will please, therefore, understand that a serial story will be simply so much extra matter thrown in. *Pearson's Weekly* without it will contain the same quantity of reading matter as it contained from its first number up to the week before last.

It has been pointed out by readers who are interested in our offer to cricketers that though it is true that the majority of one-day matches are played on Saturday, still a great many are played on other days of the week, and that it would be rather hard luck if a team achieved a very decisive victory, say, on a Wednesday, that its members should simply for this reason be debarrd from lightening our pockets to the tune of a sovereign apiece. The complaint is a perfectly just one, and we have therefore altered the regulations, making matches played on any week-day eligible. Cricketers should note that results intended for the first competition must reach us by Thursday, May 12th, with the envelopes marked "MATCH."

At the commencement of the football season we offered £5 a-head, or articles to that value to be chosen by the winners, to the members of the football team which had the most successful season, and a similar prize to the secretary, or honorary secretary, of the winning team. Forms were sent out to clubs who applied for them, and those filled in by any club which wishes to have a chance for the prizes must reach us at latest by Monday morning, May 16th. The money or the chosen articles are to be presented to the members of the team who have played oftenest in the matches noted on the list.

H. L.—Certainly holders of season tickets are eligible for our Railway Insurance System. Whyever should they not be?

It is a truism that "fools step in where angels fear to tread." We never like calling anybody, ourselves included, bad names (always excepting the editors of unchristian "Christian" papers), but we feel inclined to apply this quotation to a recent paragraph under the heading SOMETHING NEW AND STRANGE, and to remark that in this case we do not consider ourselves exactly in the light of inhabitants of the celestial sphere. The paragraph in question referred to a certain watch which, though it was graced with a Kew Observatory certificate, was sold for a few pounds. This we were led to believe was something quite new in the watch-making world, but it appears that though it is only comparatively recently that cheap watches have been made capable of keeping time so exactly as to entitle them to Kew Observatory certificates, the credit for this is not by any means to be exclusively applied to watches of foreign manufacture. Mr. W. Holland, of 61, Bedford Row, Rock Ferry, supplies at a low price a silver lever watch, with Kew certificate, which contains not one shillingworth of foreign workmanship, and, from particulars which he has given us, it appears that there are many other English watchmakers in a position to do this. The "strangest" thing about the paragraph, as it originally appears, seems to have been its incompleteness, and we sincerely hope that the watchmaking fraternity of the United Kingdom will accept our apologies for having wrongfully given their foreign rivals praise which might with equal justice have been bestowed upon themselves.

LEWELLYN.—You must excuse the delay there has been in replying to your query. In order to obtain the information that you required we found it necessary to write to every important railway in the country, and as the information needed was of rather an out-of-the-way description, there was some correspondence with many of them before it was forthcoming. However, the result of our labours is that we find ourselves able to inform you that you could obtain season tickets which would carry you anywhere over the railways of the United Kingdom for an annual expenditure of £4,627, first class. Second class, or third in the case of the lines which have no second class accommodation, would cost £3,449. The rates charged by various companies for season tickets available over the whole of their systems varies in the most curious way. For example, a first-class season ticket over the whole of the Lancashire and Yorkshire system costs £126. The same ticket over the London, Brighton, and South Coast Railway costs only £60, and though its price is more than double the L. and Y. extends over only 522 miles as against the 435 of the L.B. and S.C. The London, Chatham, and Dover first-class season ticket costs as much as the Brighton, though the L.C. and D. system only extends over 184 miles. To have a first-class season ticket for a year over the 393 miles of the South-Eastern costs £105, while over the 347 miles of the Glasgow and South Western the same ticket costs but £47 5s. The cheapest ticket of the kind is undoubtedly that of the Great Eastern, which extends over 1,100 miles, and over the whole of which one can travel first class at a yearly expenditure of £80, second class for £60. How in the face of these figures the directors of the Cambrian Railways can reconcile it with their consciences to charge £105 10s. first and £71 18s. second class for a season ticket over their 232 miles of railway is a mystery.

MR. JAS. T. PEARSON, of Burnley writes:—Permit me to correct a slight inaccuracy which crept into your paragraph re circular saws with diamond teeth. The discs containing the diamonds are not secured in place by tin solder, but are inserted red-hot in an opening in the periphery of the blade, which is also red-hot, and welded together, the objectionable features of soldering or brazing being entirely obviated. A firm and permanent setting is secured. The machines are constructed in several sizes, and on a somewhat similar principle to ordinary circular sawing machines for wood, with the exception that the saw-blade is over the block to be sawn, and that the teeth are diamonds. The sawing speed is from twenty to fifty times quicker than that of any other method, and blocks can cut into slabs, etc. (from half-inch thick upwards) almost with the same facility as timber is cut with an ordinary circular saw.

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